# THE AMERICAN WEST

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COVER: "A Bucking Horse of Ability," painted in 1926 by W. H. D. Koerner (1878–1938).

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# IS COLORADO IN AMERICA?

HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN COLORADO!

BULL-PENS FOR UNION MEN IN COLORADO!

SOLDIERS DEFY THE COURTS IN COLORADO!

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CORPORATIONS CORRUPT AND CONTROL ADMINISTRATION IN COLORADO!

CITIZENS' ALLIANCE RESORTS TO MOB LAW AND VIOLENCE IN COLORADO!

UNDER THE FOLDS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG IN COLORADO!

EVERY WORD inscribed upon the stripes of "Old Glory" is the truth. If this flag is desecrated, the Republican Governor of Colorado is responsible for the acts that profane the emblem of liberty.

THE PICTURE represents Henry Maki, a union miner of Telluride, who was arrested for vagrancy---had money in his pocket and was being supported by his union. He was shackled to a telephone pole because he refused to work in a filthy cess-pool under the bayonets of the state militia.

WE ARE GOING TO BREAK his chains and the chains that are binding the working class of Colorado.

OUR STRUGGLE is for an eight-hour day, to establish the right to organize for mutual benefit, and to prevent discrimination against union men.

IF YOU DESIRE to assist the striking Miners, Mill and Smeltermen of the Western Federation of Miners of Colorado in this battle for industrial and political freedom, send donations to Wm. D. Haywood, Sec'y-Treasurer, Room 3, Pioneer Building, Denver, Colorado.

Charles Moyer
PRESIDENT

Wm. D. Haywood
SEC'Y-TREASURER

IN THE SPIRIT of this 195th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, THE AMERICAN WEST presents an example of American iconography from a not always unified past. This broadside, a response to martial law in Cripple Creek during the 1904 miners' strike, caused Big Bill Haywood and Charles Moyer to be arrested and tried for desecration of the flag. Haywood and Moyer were exonerated; the flag survived, too.

THE
# AMERICAN WEST

THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DR. BRIMHALL

# The Brimhall Saga

## *Some Remarkable Discoveries in the Cliffs of Utah*

Part One: The Man *by Fawn Brodie*

*Scaling the cliffs with the aid of scaffolding, Dr. Brimhall and colleagues examine the petroglyph gallery.*

THE SKY had the bright blue, intoxicating clarity that certain days in late March bring to central Utah, or for that matter to any part of the mesa country in the West, when even the mangiest coyote looks handsome trotting through the mesquite, and hibernating rattlesnakes slither out of gopher holes to warm themselves in the sun. An airplane traveler flying overhead could look down on the amphitheater of Bryce Canyon, an intricately carved Chinese coral ring, and beyond to the northeast see the snaking outlines of Capitol Reef and the Waterpocket Fold.

At thirty thousand feet he could encompass, too, in a single glance, the leaflike tracery of the most treacherous river system in America, noting the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers, the serpentine courses of the Muddy and the Fremont joining to form the Dirty Devil, and then pouring into the Colorado, which then plunges down Cataract Canyon and Satan's Gut toward Lake Powell.

It was a day to make even the most impatient motorist, speeding down Route 89 from Salt Lake City toward Phoenix and glimpsing distant pinnacles, turrets, and gargoyles of red rock to the east, look longingly at the lazy dirt roads beckoning in their direction. At noon the few restaurants along the road were busier than they had been all winter. About one o'clock a tall, weathered man wearing a well-worn hat and slightly frayed suit got out of a new car in front of a cafe with big windows and a sign promising beer and free ice. It was Dr. Dean R. Brimhall, foremost authority on Indian art in Utah's canyonlands, en route from his home in Salt Lake City to his ranch in Fruita, an irrigated oasis at the heart of the Capitol Reef National Monument. He methodically locked the



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*In the barely accessible Maze area are pictographs of peaceful harvest scenes. Coupled with discovery of seed-beaters in the area, they suggest that the ancient Frémont people cultivated wild grass.*

two front doors of the four-door Dodge and went inside. He sat down at the long counter and asked for a sandwich and root beer.

Dr. Brimhall has a kind of John Wayne face, but leaner, more ascetic and intent, without Wayne's florid sensuality. It is unmistakably western. Any waitress on U.S. 89, looking at his deeply tanned skin and neat but casual clothes, and noting his order for root beer, would have been certain that he was a Mormon 'til he lighted up a cigarette and thus blurred the conventional local image. He ate hastily, as if he had little time to spare.

Afterward he remembered being struck with something bizarre about that fifteen-minute lunch; it came and went, in and out of his consciousness, and it was not until later when he was painfully reconstructing the episode that he was certain he had seen a small, scruffy youth emerge from the ladies' room, look furtively about, and then slip outside.

His sandwich finished, Dr. Brimhall emerged into the sunlight, extricated his car keys from his pocket and unlocked his car. He glanced over the backseat with his usual gesture of checking, just as he had done as a boy with his horse, noting automatically whether his saddle cinch was properly taut and his canteen decently tied.

In the backseat he had left his camera and a satchel containing an unpublished collection of photographs of Indian art unique in America—several hundred color slides of about two hundred prehistoric pictographs and petroglyphs, the originals of which lay in some of the most inaccessible and dangerous climbing terrain of the United States. Dr. Brimhall, former psychologist, bush pilot, college teacher, and head of research for the Federal Aviation Agency, had been clambering over ledges in the labyrinthine drainage basin of the upper Colorado River, aptly called the "Standing-Up Country," and photographing Indian art for the past twelve years.

SOME MONTHS EARLIER, in November 1966, he had flown by helicopter into Barrier Canyon with Dr. Joseph O. Brew, director of Harvard's Peabody Museum and renowned digger in Indian ruins in Arizona and New Mexico. Noel Morss, lawyer-anthropologist from Boston, accompanied them. Morss much earlier had written a monograph on the Indians in the

area—"The Ancient Culture of the Fremont River in Utah"—and was eager to see what he had missed back in 1931. Barrier Canyon lies about thirty miles northeast of Hanksville, a bleak hamlet on Utah Route 24, and about twenty miles west of where the Green empties into the Colorado. It is a breath-taking smaller edition of Zion Canyon, with the same precipitous red and white walls set off by juniper and cottonwood poplars, and a clear stream flowing along the canyon floor. The chief difference is that the only road into it is a jeep trail over slickrock so malevolent that summer visitors are numbered in tens instead of tens of thousands. There was an Indian mural in Barrier Canyon that Dr. Brimhall particularly wanted Brew and Morss to see, a panel of anthropomorphic figures, some eight feet high, masked and austere, one of them a ten-foot deity with eye holes so cavernous it looked like a prehistoric Henry Moore.

Though the canyon had never been invaded by air, Dr. Brimhall pinpointed the best landing site for the helicopter pilot, who maneuvered his craft delicately downward, trusting that the sandbar on which they landed was as firm as promised. As it turned out, they were within a few hundred feet of the mural, which is painted on the back wall of an immense amphitheater of wind- and water-hollowed rock, the upper reaches of which are sixty to seventy feet high. Hundreds of tons of broken sandstone slabs lie at the base of the mural, covering up whatever prehistoric burial cist or dwelling place had once been in sight. The two archaeologists had seen photographs of the mural but were absolutely unprepared for the majesty of the setting. Later Dr. Brew wrote to Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall that it was the finest gallery of prehistoric pictographs in the New World.

Afterward, the men flew to the still incompletely explored Maze area, at the actual confluence of the Green and Colorado, and descended into a canyon where there were pictographs still virtually unknown to anyone. What they saw were less majestic but no less electrifying. There on the walls of those empty, ghost-ridden box canyons were pictures of peaceful harvesting scenes. Years before, Dr. Samuel Guernsey had unearthed in a northern Arizona cave a curious object that scholars suspected might be a seed-beater, and both Brew and Morss had found sickles fashioned out of mountain sheep horn. Dr. Brimhall pointed out a figure of a squaw cutting grass with a sickle, and another flailing away with what was clearly a seed-beater. Here was definitive evidence that the ancient Fremont people had systematically harvested the seeds of a wild grass (*Oryzopsis hymenoides*) popularly known as "Indian mountain rice." And so the three men shared the special satisfaction that comes to scientists when they have changed a supposition into fact.

As a result of this expedition, the trio formed an informal but dedicated lobby to try to get the canyons with the best of the pictographs included in the projected Canyonlands National Park. They began by badgering Secretary Udall, who, as a native of Arizona and one of the nation's most aggressive conservationists, needed no prodding. But Congress did.

On this March day in 1967, Dr. Brimhall was uncomfortable with the knowledge that there was more lobbying to be done. A publisher who had seen his slides was prodding him to write up a text from his notes, and he was taking the whole collection of notes and slides to Fruita for this purpose. Moreover, he had a few more box canyons to explore. Now he looked at the backseat of his car—empty.

At first he felt incomprehension, then total anguish. He tried the back door, not really surprised to find it unlocked. For many years he had driven two-door cars; this was his first four-door sedan.

For a few moments he deluded himself into thinking that he had left the camera and precious satchel in the dealer's garage in Salt Lake City. When a telephone call proved this hope futile, he notified the local sheriff and then proceeded, with a methodical persistency that served to mask his rage

***Using sharp pebbles, the artist "drew" the legs spaced apart to show backpackers on the move.***



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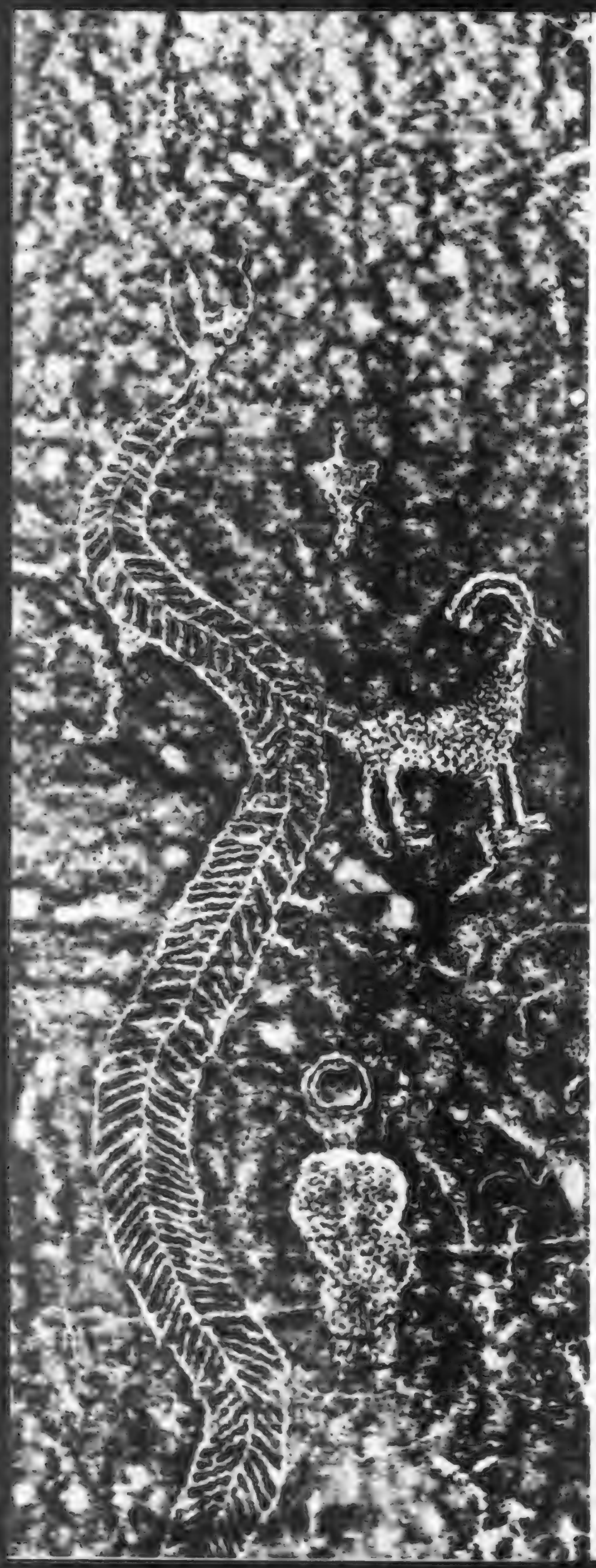


and despair from almost everyone but his wife, to call all his friends in newspaper, radio, and TV, and beg their help. Bulletins went out over the entire Rocky Mountain area. Sheriff's deputies scoured the vicinity for the satchel, with Dr. Brimhall hoping desperately that the youth who had been in the ladies' room—if it had indeed been he who was the thief—might have been satisfied with the camera and abandoned the slides as worthless.

The satchel was not to be found. After a week Dr. Brimhall concluded it would never be found. When asked by consoling friends what he would do, he replied evenly, "I'll go back to the canyons and photograph them all over again." There was only one problem. Dr. Brimhall was then eighty years old.

NOWHERE IN AMERICA does the land say "No" to man with such finality as in the canyon areas of southeast Utah. Unwary tourists seeking adventure along the dirt roads of a seemingly innocuous high desert plateau will find themselves suddenly "rimrocked," marooned at the edge of a box canyon dropping away a perpendicular two thousand feet. There are scores of hundreds of these canyons in this tormented landscape, all leading inexorably to the Colorado before it plunges southward to flatten out in Lake Powell and then rushes on to the mightiest canyon of them all. "For miles on end," Wallace Stegner wrote in *Mormon Country*, "a man in a canyon cannot get out, a man on the rim cannot get down for a drink if his life depends on it. . . . Along the whole eastern and southern sides of the Mormon Country, the Green and the Colorado are a Chinese wall, and in all its thousand miles there are only three gates."

Most rivers are friends and allies of man, and were originally the binding highways of civilization. But the Colorado, as Frederick Dellenbaugh wrote after riding her treacherous bosom with the one-armed John Wesley Powell in 1871–72, is "a veritable dragon, loud in its dangerous lair, defiant, fierce, opposing utility everywhere, refusing absolutely to be bridled by Commerce, perpetuating a wilderness, prohibiting man's encroachments, and in its immediate tide presenting a host of snarling waters whose angry roar, reverberating wildly league after league between giant rock-walls carved through the bowels of the earth heralds the impossibility of human conquest and smothers hope."

Though dams have somewhat tamed the river system, and a paved highway now pushes across the central portion from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Richfield, Utah, the area is not much more hospitable to man than when Dellenbaugh and Powell looked at it with awe a hundred years ago. The few tourists lucky enough to fly over the Maze by helicopter remain content to see the grandeur from above, and lose what-

***The Big Snake site: Mountain sheep, anthropomorphs, and a seven-foot snake are engraved in rock.***

ever ambition they might have cherished to explore it by foot. But there are adventurers who each summer risk broken necks to explore by jeep and on foot the red and white convolutions of Capitol Reef, the Waterpocket Fold, the San Rafael Swell, and the Maze, hoping to be the first to footprint a still untrod canyon floor, to find a hitherto hidden Indian ruin or natural bridge, or to swing down over the ledges just for the hell of it.

DR. BRIMHALL AND HIS WIFE, Lila Eccles Brimhall, actress and professor in the drama department at the University of Utah, were first lured to the area in 1940 by word of the grandiose scenery of Capitol Reef. They stopped along a dusty road to buy peaches in the Mormon village of Fruita, then inhabited by five or six families. There, standing in the shade of the small, fragrant orchard, the Brimhalls looked out upon one of the great spectacles of the West. Red cliffs, broken here and there by gigantic rockfalls, rose from the 5,400-foot valley floor in a perpendicular sweep thirteen to fifteen hundred feet high.

Above them a green-forested mesa top sloped gently upward to the 11,000-foot Thousand Lake Mountain. Layers of gray, slate-blue, and white accented the prevailing brick red of the cliffs, which here and there were eroded into cathedrals, gigantic organ pipes, goblins, and gargoyles. The Fremont River, which drains Thousand Lake Mountain on the north and a similar aspen- and pine-covered mesa called the Aquarius Plateau to the south, ran a leisurely course down the valley, losing some of its water to irrigation ditches that kept alive the orchards, and then charged swiftly down toward Capitol Gorge, the Dirty Devil River, and ultimately the Colorado.

An experienced mountain climber from his adolescent days, Dr. Brimhall scanned the cliffs with a professional eye, automatically looking for the best route to the top. Long accustomed to drought in the West, he looked at the irrigation ditches and was impressed by the quantity of water they carrried in mid-July. Remembering his job in the Commerce Department two thousand miles east in Washington, D.C., he was suddenly appalled at the thought of returning to its snarling bureaucracy. Up the road a mile or two, he and his wife found a fifty-two-acre orchard with a crude but sturdy cabin. A ditch of clear water flowed in front of its tiny window, and a grove of cottonwood poplars over a hundred feet high, planted by Mormon pioneers in the days of Brigham Young, made the canyon seem cool. The trees framed the vista down the canyon, heightening the cliffs by setting them in perspective, and deepening the red color by providing a contrast of clean apple green. The orchard was for sale.

For a dozen years the Brimhall ranch in Fruita was a vacation hideout, shared by their friends, relatives, and grandchildren. Dr. Brimhall made himself an expert in the geology of the area, scoured the terrain for fossils, and uncovered some of the most exciting pre-dinosaur fossil footprints in the whole Fremont River drainage basin. At first he looked at the small scattered Indian ruins with interest but no real enthusiasm. Then on one exploring expedition, alerted by a bush pilot friend who had reported an Indian painting in a remote canyon, he sought it out. The pictograph turned out to be a mural of uncommon complexity.

"There were mountain sheep and hunters," he relates, "and I looked with special curiosity at the legs of the fleeing wild sheep. As a professional psychologist working with problems of pilot training, I had long been intimate with the difficulties of perception, and I knew how hard it was to reproduce accurately in a drawing what one sees going by at great speed. How to draw a horse's legs correctly, when he is madly pulling a chariot, was beyond the Greeks and Romans, and medieval and Renaissance artists did little better with their horses in battle. In fact, no one knew with absolutely exact precision what happens to a horse's legs when he is galloping until the coming of motion photography. But in this prehistoric Indian pictograph, the sheep's legs were drawn in the correct position of flight. I marveled that primitive Indians could do seemingly without any difficulty what sophisticated European artists had failed to do for so many generations. The effect on me was like a conversion. I felt like St. Paul on the road to Damascus."

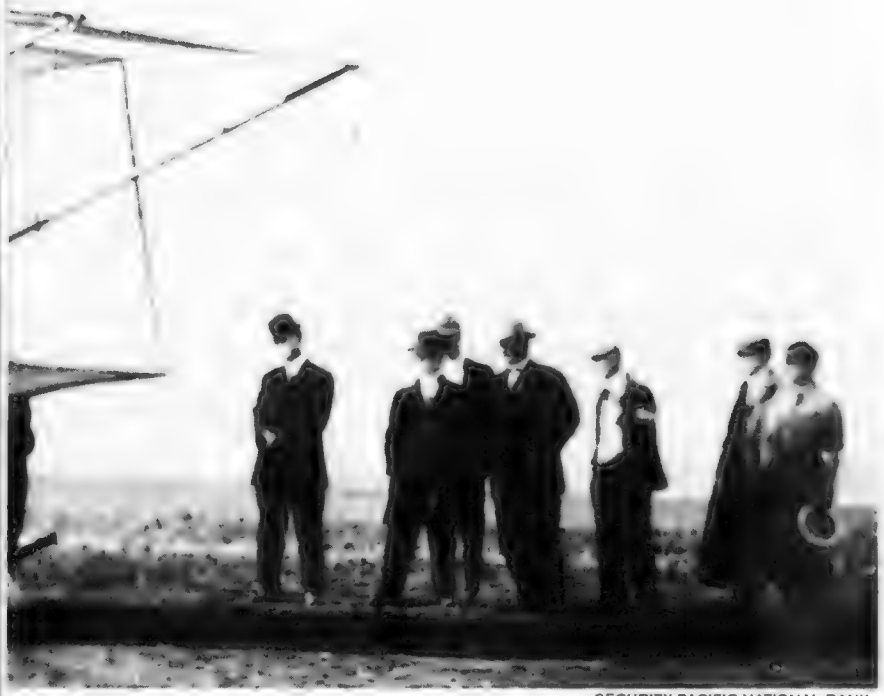
As word of the loss of the collection spread, scientist and artist friends who had accompanied Dean Brimhall on some of his expeditions sent him their own slides. A grandnephew who had helped him set up ladders in the Maze, then teaching English at the University of Stockholm, mailed him the best of his own collection, which he had been displaying with nostalgia and pride to his incredulous Swedish friends. Dr. Brimhall, who finds it difficult to accept favors from anyone, looked upon these gifts as a mandate to get back to the Standing-Up Country.

Within a few weeks he was ready to return. He had not only a new camera but also extra "Jacob's ladders"—Navy ladders designed especially to stand away a sufficient distance from a sinking boat so that descending sailors can retain a hold on the rungs. "I can use them on the most precipitous descent," Dr. Brimhall explains, "and still have room for my fingers." He also took a new, lightweight, easily assembled aluminum scaffolding, and his grandson Dean Osborne, a good-looking youth of seventeen, who knew from experience that his grandfather preferred silence to useless chatter. They had been on trips together before.

The scaffolding provided views for photographing some of the highest ledges for the first time at close range. Methodically he retraced the old perilous descents, recapturing and improving over the original photography. This time he began also to use the technique of rubbings, and in the process made discoveries about details that had hitherto eluded both his trained eye and his camera. The initial results were so satisfying he began to count the theft a plus in his life.

Today, at eighty-four, Dr. Brimhall spends more time

*Continued on page 62*



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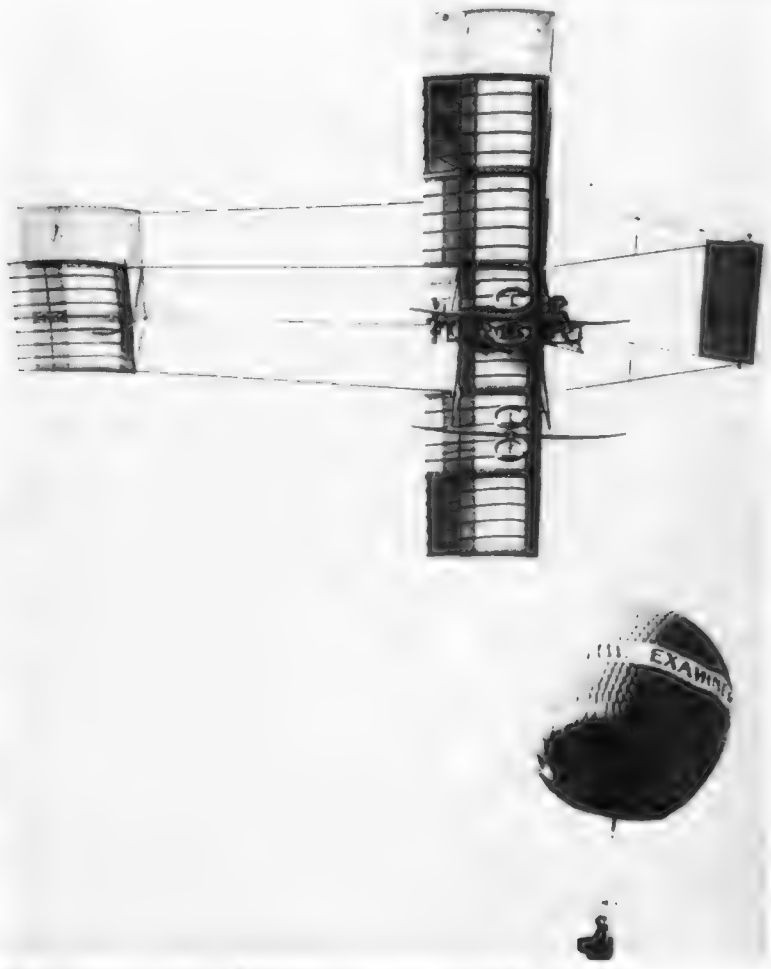

*Balloonist verifies Paulhan's new world's record of 4,164 feet, set at Dominguez Field in 1910.*

# Men

## by Joseph F. Hood

In 1888, with a huge hydrogen-filled balloon of his own design, he took off from Denver, Colorado, in an announced attempt to ride the prevailing winds all the way to the Atlantic. In this he was less successful, and he came down after two days almost frozen. He tried the same stunt four years later with much the same results.

After that, he became interested in dirigibles but faced the same problem pondered by other airship-minded fliers—lack of a lightweight engine. He visited Europe to get a firsthand look at Count von Zeppelin's big rigid-frame dirigibles but was particularly fascinated by Parisian Santos-Dumont's little gasoline-engined blimps. Back in California once more, Baldwin planned his own blimp-type airship and cast about for a suitable powerplant.

He found it in a modified motorcycle engine provided by cycle builder Glenn Curtiss, who at that time had given no thought to doing any flying on his own. The result, in 1904—the year following the Wright brothers' little-heralded accomplishment—was the *California Arrow,* with a fifty-four-foot-

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*J. S. Zerbe's contraption featured two props, five wings, and an unconquerable reluctance to fly.*



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*Lincoln Beachey controlled altitude in Roy Knabenshue's dirigible—a rigid-frame airship—by running back and forth on the catwalk at the Dominguez Air Meet in January 1910.*

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long gas bag supporting a catwalk underneath, along which Baldwin planned to run back and forth to control the climb and descent of the vehicle.

On July 29, he was ready to prove his creation. The site was the crowded amusement area of Idora Park in Oakland. As the pointed-nosed flying contraption rose ponderously into still air, Baldwin started his little engine, and at five hundred feet the *Arrow* nudged forward. He cruised out over nearby San Francisco Bay, swung his rudder and headed back, the ship behaving perfectly. Nearing the park once more, he strolled forward on his catwalk and nosed the *Arrow* down for a landing. The milling crowd cheered—balloons were old stuff, but no one had ever seen anything like this. It was, in fact, the first really successful manned airship flight in the United States.

Later in 1904—in October—Baldwin took his ship to the St. Louis World's Fair. But he had fattened up a bit, and to his disgust, the *Arrow* seemed to resent the extra weight he asked it to carry. With resignation, he hired another balloonist, Roy Knabenshue, to fly his demonstrations just to make sure the *Arrow* could attain all the height it needed to perform correctly.

Knabenshue was still the pilot when, in February of 1905, Baldwin pitted his dirigible against a speedy auto, a Pope-Toledo, in a well-publicized race from Los Angeles to Pasadena. For an anguished little while the Pope-Toledo looked like a shoo-in winner as Knabenshue struggled with a gusty crosswind. Near the Pasadena city limits, though, the troublesome wind subsided, and Knabenshue brought the *California Arrow* onto the lawn of the Raymond Hotel a full two minutes before the roaring motorcar arrived. Quite a bit of cash changed hands that day.

Baldwin then rebuilt his airship and took it on a successful tour of the Orient with Lincoln Beachey as assistant pilot. At the end of the journey, Baldwin sold his faithful blimp to an officer of the German army and turned his attention to producing a new, larger airship. No one knows what eventually happened to the historic old *California Arrow*.

So far, only a very few people anywhere had seen an airplane fly, and their name was Wright. In the West, even the powerless glider was unknown to all but a couple of modest tinkerers. One of these was John Joseph Montgomery, a serious-minded professor at the University of Santa Clara in California.

Since youth, Montgomery had been absorbed in the problems of winged flight and spent countless hours watching the

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*Thaddeus Lowe's lofty observations often aided the northern army during the Civil War.*

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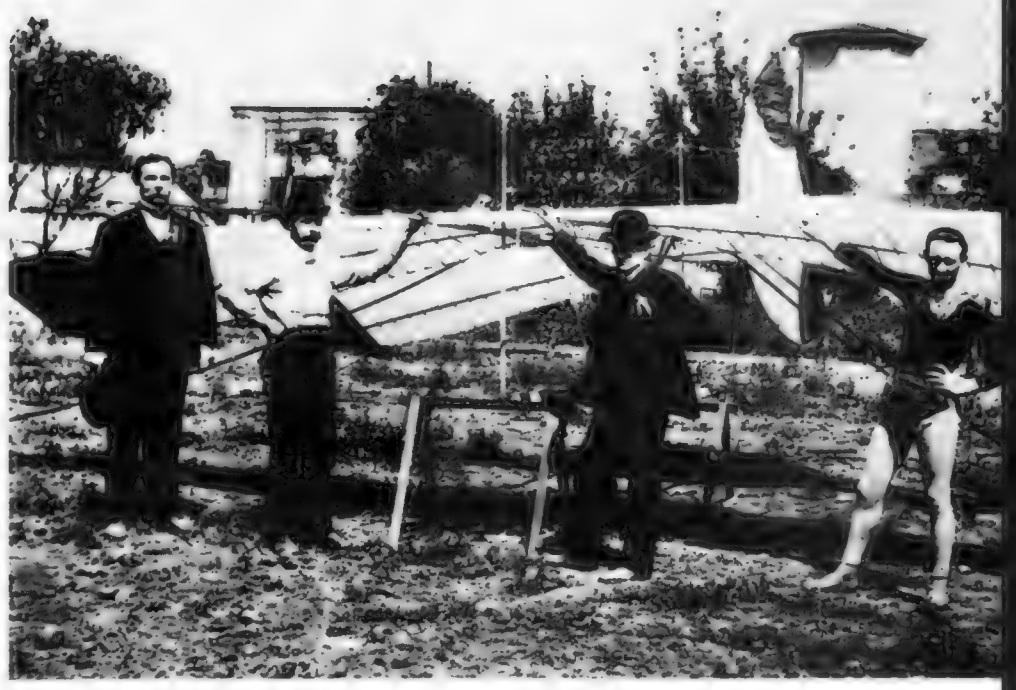

*Dressed for flight, Dan Maloney poses with John Joseph Montgomery and friends in front of Montgomery's glider.*

effortless soaring of gulls and vultures. He built some light, flimsy gliders, and there is evidence to suggest that he may have made the first manned glider flight in America, back around 1883.

If so, he remained unimpressed with the results and confined himself to experimenting with models until 1904. Late in that year, he completed a full-size glider intended to carry a man. It had two wings arranged in tandem, each spanning twenty-two feet. Beneath, a pair of runners provided a place for the pilot to recline and control the craft through a system of lines attached to wings and tail. The contraption weighed little more than forty pounds.

AT FORTY-SIX YEARS of age, Montgomery may have felt he was getting a bit on for a glider pilot and arranged for an assistant to fly the actual tests. These were made in the Santa Clara Valley, California, and at a spot near Santa Cruz.

The machine flew, but only for short distances, because the only available launching platforms were the tops of low hills from which glider and pilot could be shoved. Montgomery ached for a higher launch and talked to balloonist Baldwin about the feasibility of carrying the glider aloft lashed to a balloon, then cutting it loose.

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

*Maiden voyage of Army Dirigible No. 1 in August 1908 after the success of the* California Arrow.



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*Beachey dazzled thousands in his sleek* Special, *until he finally plummeted into San Francisco Bay.*

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*The lever above Beachey's left elbow was used to control the rudder in his Curtiss pusher.*

Baldwin thought the idea was fine, but Montgomery's pilot did not. It was one thing, he felt, to lurch from a low hilltop and waggle uncertainly along a few feet off the ground. But it was quite another to cast off from a balloon thousands of feet up and hope to reach the surface gracefully and gently—especially gently.

Montgomery's dilemma didn't last long. A barnstorming balloonist and parachutist named Daniel J. Maloney showed up in Santa Clara and announced his willingness to man the glider. No, he hadn't flown one before, but yes, he'd take a crack at it.

Maloney made a few quick test hops, leaping from hills and ridges. Satisfied that he had mastered the technique, he asked Montgomery to set a definite date for the combined balloon-glider experiment. Dan was, after all, a professional stunt man, and he wanted a crowd.

On April 29, 1905, fifteen thousand spectators elbowed their way into the Santa Clara Fair Grounds. The balloon bobbed gently at its tether, and when all was ready, Maloney made his entrance. A murmur of awe and approval rippled through the crowd as Dan strutted to the glider wearing his air show outfit of bright red tights and blue jersey. He slid into place on the runners and waved.

Slowly, the balloon rose into the soft California sky, the frail glider dangling awkwardly below. Montgomery watched, chewing his lip. He had cautioned the stunt man to take it easy and avoid anything risky, but he worried that Maloney's natural exhibitionism might get the best of him.

At four thousand feet, Dan cut loose. The glider dropped sharply, and a few of the women spectators cried out. Then the daring aeronaut reached flying speed and brought his glider's nose up. The next second he was in soaring, silent flight, and the watching throng cheered in joyous amazement.

For almost twenty minutes he remained airborne—wheeling, diving, then pulling up again. At last, his altitude spent, Maloney glided smoothly in for a landing. An instant before touchdown he swung his scarlet clad legs down from the runners and landed feet first at a dead sprint. The crowd went wild at the sight.

But tragedy stalks those who defy it, and Dan Maloney had thumbed his nose at death many times. On July 18, he went aloft for another balloon launching. This time a guy wire broke and tangled itself in the aft control system. When Maloney cut free, he lost control immediately and plunged vertically to the ground. After that, Montgomery discontinued public balloon launchings and returned to relatively modest private experiments.

The aura of impending disaster is an essential element in

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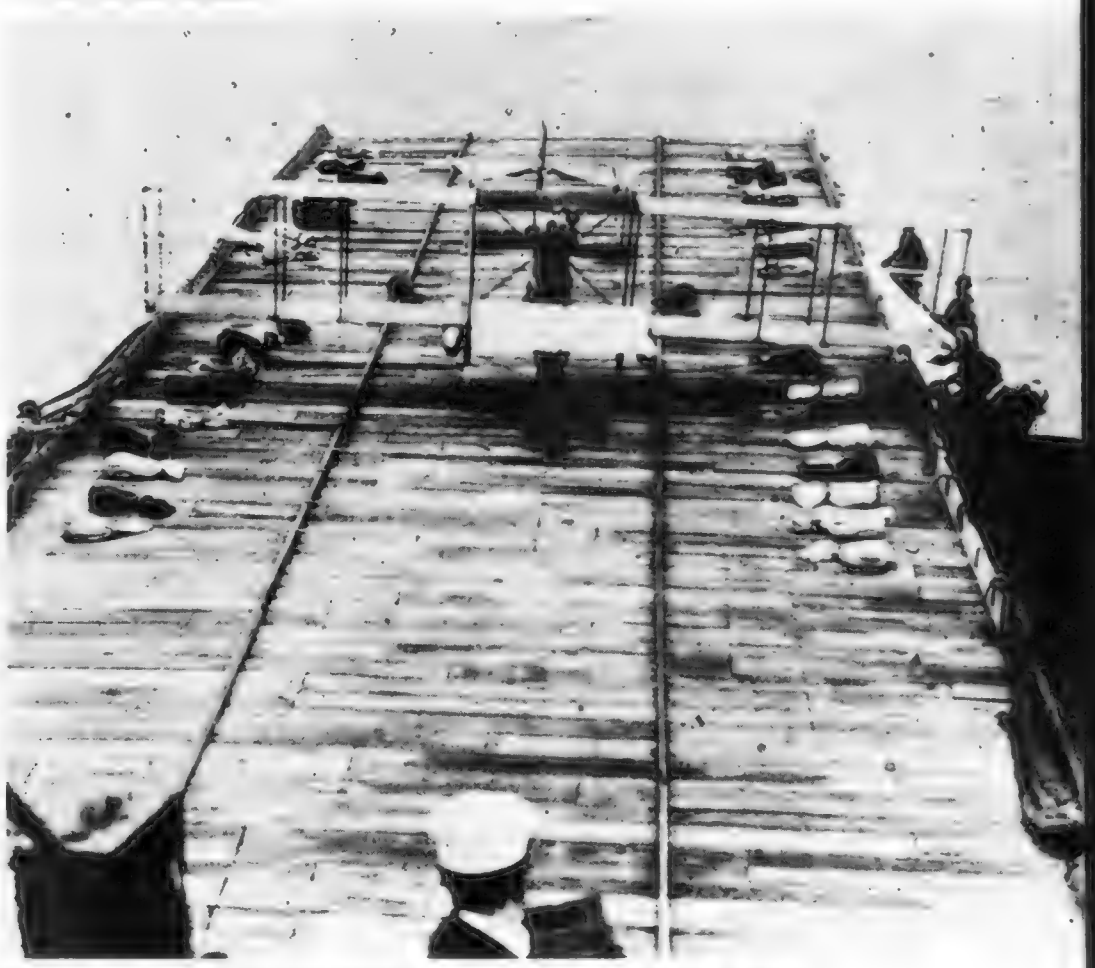
*Eager spectators gather to watch stunt man and balloonist Dan Maloney ride aloft.*

U.S. NAVY, NATIONAL ARCHIVES



*Eugene Ely makes history's first aircraft-carrier landing on the U. S. S.* Pennsylvania *in San Francisco Bay, 1911.*

thrill shows of any kind, and to the general public early aviation was just that—a thrill show. In 1910 the powered airplane came west and made its debut on opening day of the great Los Angeles Air Meet, held at Dominguez Field before thousands of eager spectators. This was the first major air meet in the country and even enjoyed an international flavor —French airman Louis Paulhan attended and brought with him two Bleriot monoplanes and a Farman biplane.

The festivities began with a parade worthy of a world's fair. Improvement in transportation was the general theme, and the procession opened with a gaggle of buggies, carts, wagons, and similar horse-powered rigs. Next came a line of rumbling motorcars followed by several gliders and airplanes perched on dollies. A number of tethered balloons brought up the rear, and the crowd fell in behind to continue the excitement over at the airport.

No one was disappointed. Shortly after two in the afternoon, Paulhan roared across the turf in his Farman, took off, and circled easily overhead. It was the first public exhibition of powered heavier-than-air flying in western America. Paulhan's flight was followed by others, many by Glenn Curtiss, who had taken up aviation with a vengeance.

Roy Knabenshue demonstrated two small dirigibles of his own design, racing one against the other, manned by Lincoln Beachey. Blimp races might not seem to represent the epitome of excitement, but the crowds loved the lumbering, low-altitude contest. Later in the day Paulhan established the potential of airplanes as transport vehicles when he flew a passenger on a twenty-mile nonstop cruise to Redondo Beach and back. This meet, free of serious accident, was widely reported and certainly accelerated the progress of western aviation.

San Francisco, not to be outdone by its rival city to the south, staged its own air meet in the summer of that year at the old Tanforan race track. Predictably, the public turned out in hordes to gawk at the ungainly looking planes and gliders as they soared into oddly graceful flight. Yet 1910 cannot rank as a banner year for fliers—by the time it closed, thirty-seven airmen were known to have died in crashes, mostly during exhibitions.

Especially shocking was the tragedy of Ralph Johnstone, because it took so long to play itself out in full view of the crowd assembled to watch his show. Johnstone was aloft over Denver at an altitude estimated at eight hundred feet. As thousands stared, a bracing strut snapped from his box-kite

*Continued on page 63*



XUM

# GLEASON

## Presenting a Rare Collection of Early Wilderness Photography

THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN WEST has intrigued pioneers and adventurers from the time Escalante first traversed this mighty spine of the continent. In the beginning came a trickle of explorers and exploiters, then the floodtide of land-hungry humanity. This beautiful—and not always hospitable—land was initially recorded in literature and graphics by men drawn there, not by its beauty, but rather by its challenge and potential wealth. They were men in search of knowledge, profit, or land, and what they recorded was often incidental to their purpose. The desire to record this land for its beauty alone came after men had satisfied the more immediate demands of survival and comfort.

As man began to exert some measure of control over the western environment, the face of the land came to be noticed for what it was—an area of startling and majestic beauty. One man who came to the American and Canadian West to preserve the splendor of the land, rather than to exploit it, was Herbert Wendell Gleason. His photographs, made a full century after this nation's first tentative steps into the mountain West, provide a record of a region that tempted and sustained a continental dream. His pictures depict a region in transition: still primitive, unsullied by the products and tools of a dynamic industrial society, but sufficiently tamed to no longer threaten men dwarfed by its magnitude and potential hostility.

Herbert Wendell Gleason, a New Englander by birth and penchant and a cleric by training, was middle-aged when he abandoned the salvation of souls for the preservation of North America through his camera. His profession changed with the century, and for the next thirty-seven years he ranged over the continent reproducing the shape and scope of its wildness.

Most of Gleason's photographs originally served to illustrate his lectures on natural history and horticulture, in an era before mass communication abruptly eliminated the need for lyceums and the lecture circuit. His New England photographs also illustrated the twenty-volume 1906 edition of Thoreau's works, and John Muir's *Travels in Alaska* in 1915.

Although he was prolific on his native New England, he made no less than thirty trips west seeking "regions more famous for their grandeur." Alaska, the Pacific Coast, the Grand Canyon, and the Rockies from northern Canada to southern Colorado, all provided material for his portfolio.

It is from a remarkable collection of glass plate negatives that the following selection is drawn. The quiet understatement, the diversity of his photographic eye, his technical skill, and his occasional vanity are all readily apparent in this display of the mountains in transition.

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Since his death in 1937, Gleason's photographs have reached the public only rarely. Herewith, THE AMERICAN WEST offers a sampling of his work, along with passages chosen from *The Call of the Mountains* (1922), by LeRoy Jeffers (1878–1926), author, lecturer, and traveler through the great mountain West.

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*Valley view from north peak of Mount Swanzey.*

ALL PHOTOS APPEARING IN THIS ARTICLE ARE FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROLAND WELLS ROBBINS OF LINCOLN, MASSACHUSETTS



XUM

*Carved and tapered towers, formed by the tremendous powers of erosion, can be found throughout Bryce Canyon.*

# BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK

"One of the most remarkable formations to be found in our wonderful south-western country is the erosion known as Bryce Canyon in southern Utah. . . . Two great hillsides . . . have been eroded into fantastic towers twenty-five to four hundred feet in height, some of them isolated and others linked together in companies. So symmetrical are these ribbed and fluted pillars that they seem almost to have been turned with a lathe, and . . . resemble kiosks or taper to minarets."

*An isolated pinnacle of twisted rock rises above the symmetrical walls of the canyon.*

*View from Mohair Point: the Colorado River, meandering deeper and deeper into the Grand Canyon.*

# GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

"Here one may find an unsurpassed variety of color in rock and sky, together with a mystical, sympathetic atmosphere which softens and mingles their hues in an exquisite and indescribable harmony. In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado there are immense spaces filled with colossal architecture and adorned with splendid coloring. If one wanders alone amid its vast silences, sleeps by its surging river, or rejoices at sunset and morning hours on its commanding viewpoints, he will be lifted by its very presence out of his narrowness of life into a fuller realization of the majesty and sublimity of the Eternal."

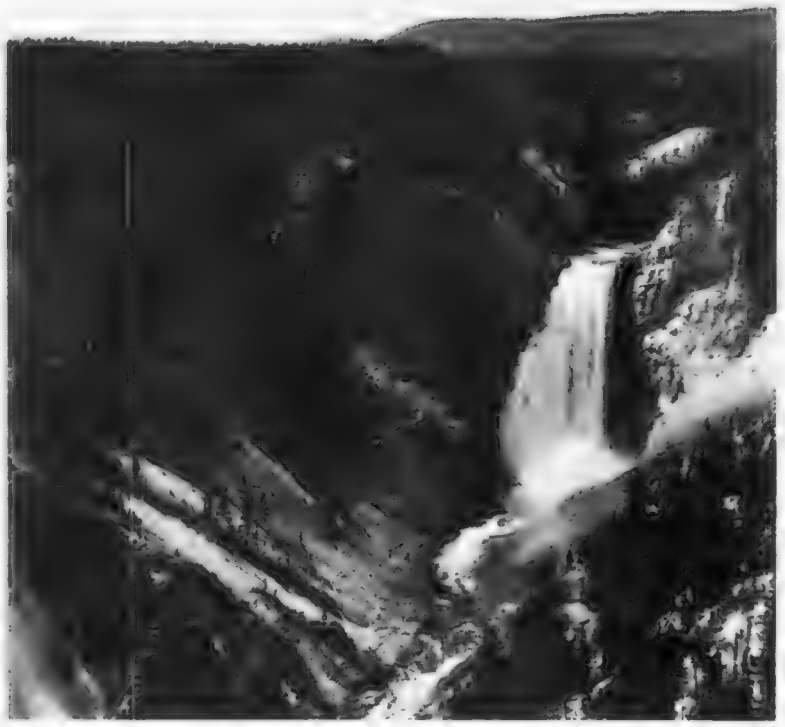
*Seen from Grand View Point, huge eroded towers rise above the valley floor in the canyon area.*

# GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK

"Here is a glorious view of the rugged Tetons rising impressively beyond the lake. . . . Seen from this point the glaciers and cathedral spires of the surrounding mountains lead upward to a culminating peak which grandly dominates them all. . . . Who is there who does not recall with rare delight his first vision of the high mountains glistening with snow or transfigured with rose and purple in the alpenglow? Were not these radiant heights of heaven? Then did childhood's dreams become reality, and the acquaintance of a lifetime adds but details to that perfect memory."

***The snow-laced Tetons rise in jagged peaks over a small arm of Jackson Lake.***

***An auto tours Shoshone Canyon via Cody Road.***



***Misty falls can be seen from Grand View Point.***

# YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

"The view . . . is comprehensive and satisfying. . . . For three miles below the fall the rhyolite rock of the canyon has been colored by the fumes of hot springs. The effect is like a painting in watercolors: yellows predominate, with pinks and whites, and rarer touches of crimson. . . . In the early morning I have watched its colors gradually awaken, until the sun turned backward the curtain of shadow into the heart of the canyon. Little clouds of mist float upward from the fall and vapor rises from the hot springs along the edge of the river. Beneath the forest which peers over the rim are cliffs of yellow and orange; across the canyon the upper wall is chalky white. Pines and spruces are scattered among the multitude of fretted and vari-colored pinnacles which adorn the slopes; while the river is deep green and foamy white where there are rapids. Resting over all is the soft blue of the sky. In the contemplation of a scene so vast and beautiful the soul demands . . . silence that it may hear the music of nature."

***Minerals deposited by hot springs created Cleopatra Terrace.***



XUM

# YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

"In all our wide domain no mountains are more transcendentally beautiful. Amid their . . . valleys, filled with giant trees, innumerable lakes and fairy falls, even the unfeeling traveler must linger with delight, while in the higher regions of the range the wanderer will long find solitudes and mountain peaks unspoiled by man."

*Water rushes downhill from the outlet of Lake Merced in Yosemite.*

*Trees and mountains are mirrored in this crystal-clear lake in Yosemite National Park.*



*Massed wildflowers contrast with sleek rock formations at Half Dome and Teneya Canyon, as seen from the trail below Glacier Point.*

XUM

*Ever dignified, two turn-of-the-century mountaineers pose on a craggy edge of Great Glacier, British Columbia.*

*High cliffs and seracs—jagged pinnacles of ice—can be viewed from the forefoot of Horse Thief Glacier, British Columbia.*

# CANADIAN MOUNTAIN WEST

*Mount Victoria overlooks the coniferous surroundings of Banff and Lake Louise, Alberta.*

"It is not the fortune of everyone to live in sight of the mountains, nor is it the habit of all who dwell amid their unfolding arms to seek inspiration on their topmost pinnacles. Many indeed, who have only read of mountain climbing, consider it a waste of energy. But to all who are willing to receive their message, the glorious eternal mountains ever extend a silent invitation. To stroll up even a hill is often to find at its summit a new vision of life and of its possibilities. In mountaineering one enters into intimate relations with the greatest heights and depths our planet has to offer."



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# CANADIAN MOUNTAIN WEST

"To the traveler familiar with the mountain ranges of the continent, the Rockies of Canada have an especial charm. While not as high as the Rockies of Colorado or the Sierra Nevada of California, they are far more Alpine in their scenery, abounding in immense glaciers and snow fields, and are exceedingly rugged in appearance. . . . Here is still a paradise for the explorer that is marred only by the far too brief summers, and by seasons in which many high ascents are prevented by continuous storms. However, one may find these snow-clad mountains, glaciers, waterfalls and lakes one of the most delightful regions on the continent."

*With the beginning of spring, ice chunks float on Lake Mahe in Wilmer, British Columbia.*

*Rays of sun filter through the clouds over the majestic forests of the Canadian Rockies.*

XUM

# THE MERCER GIRLS

## *...Being the story of some lesser-known antics of a well-known muckraker*

by Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

ASA MERCER, to most historians, achieved major billing in the western drama through his role in that messy little Wyoming conflict commonly known as the Johnson County War. His editorials in behalf of the small ranchers, condemning the tactics of the large ranchers, brought a violent response from powerful and entrenched elements of Wyoming society—along with significant threats against his life.

Rather than succumb to the pressure, Mercer broadened his attack by writing *The Banditti of the Plains.* In it he not only condemned the large landholders for the "invasion" (which the attack on small ranchers by "foreign" gunmen from Texas really was), but accused the state's governor, both U.S. senators, and President Benjamin Harrison himself of conspiring to aid the large ranchers.

Mercer had already established himself as a crusader in diverse and unlikely areas, not the least of which involved the "Mercer Girls"—his personal endeavor to bring females from prim and proper Boston to the raucous frontier of the Pacific Northwest in the 1860s.

As a young man, typically anxious to "see the world," Mercer was encouraged to come west by enthusiastic letters from his older brother who was pioneering in frontier Seattle, Washington Territory. After graduating from Franklin College, Ohio, in 1860, Mercer followed his brother to Seattle.

ALL PHOTOS: WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

IS WASHINGTON TERRITORY IN DANGER?

THE MODERN ARK, THE MODERN NOAH, AND THE MODERN "WATERFALLS" THAT ARE ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE MODERN NOAH (*log.*). "There, my dear young ladies, I think I see something."
CHORUS OF 400 UNMARRIED WOMEN. "Oh! please, Sir, is it a Man?"
THE MODERN NOAH. "No, bless ye! not a Man; it's a Gull."
MARY ANN (*aside.*) "Oh, dear! I wonder when we'll see a Man!"

**Robinson & Ogden,** BANKERS, AND DEALERS IN

**Ladies and Gentlemen,** Send for our MEASURING CARD, and Take your own measure, and we will send a PERFECT FIT.

*On February 3, 1866,* Harper's Weekly *noted the arrival of the latest "Mercer Girls."*

*Asa Mercer enjoyed a varied career—from muckraker and erstwhile travel agent to university president.*

There he fell into a rare bit of luck, as the city fathers had somehow persuaded the legislature to construct the territorial university in their burgeoning town. Since Asa Mercer, barely twenty-two at the time, was the only college graduate around, he was offered the job of university president.

He was quick to accept, and almost as quickly found himself embroiled in many problems. Just a few weeks before the doors were to open, the myopic men of vision at the university realized that there was not one qualified college student in the area.

President Mercer rose magnificently to the occasion by establishing an interim "3 R's" school within the university to prepare students for college. Later he hired Indians with canoes to carry notices of the school's opening to remote areas along Seattle's many waterways. Enough students straggled in to justify the school's existence, and the first crisis was over. It was largely Mercer's handling of a seemingly impossible situation that launched today's great University of Washington.

Impatient at the complete lack of women in the new and still rugged Northwest, and aware of a surplus of women in the East as a result of the Civil War, Mercer decided to transplant females to Seattle. Why not bring some of these lonely ladies to a new city where there would be scores of eligible bachelors for them to choose from?

Resigning his university post, Mercer sailed to Boston, where with ready wit and charm he was able to persuade twelve respectable young women to return with him. They were, of course, welcomed with open arms in Seattle. The first boatload of females wrote glowing letters home, persuading other girls that the idea of coming west offered many exciting rewards.

Mercer returned east for another load of "Mercer Girls." Although recruiting fewer than he had hoped, he managed to bring about a hundred—claiming one, Annie Stephens, as his bride. Despite the ridicule of certain unsophisticated newspapers and magazines, he became a hero in Seattle and undoubtedly contributed much to its early growth.

With restive spirit prevailing, Mercer moved to Oregon, then to Texas, where he began his career as a newspaperman that was eventually to provide him with a permanent niche in history's hall of fame. Eventually he migrated to Wyoming and, incensed by the inhumanity of man toward man, wrote his powerful *Banditti of the Plains,* published in 1894.

But to many of the descendants of early Seattle-ites, the highlight of Asa Mercer's seventy-eight years was bringing the "Mercer Girls" to Seattle.

**Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger** *has written numerous magazine articles concerning western Americana.*

***In his first job as president of the University of Washington, Mercer had to recruit students for admission to the school, acquiring valuable experience for his later ventures back east.***

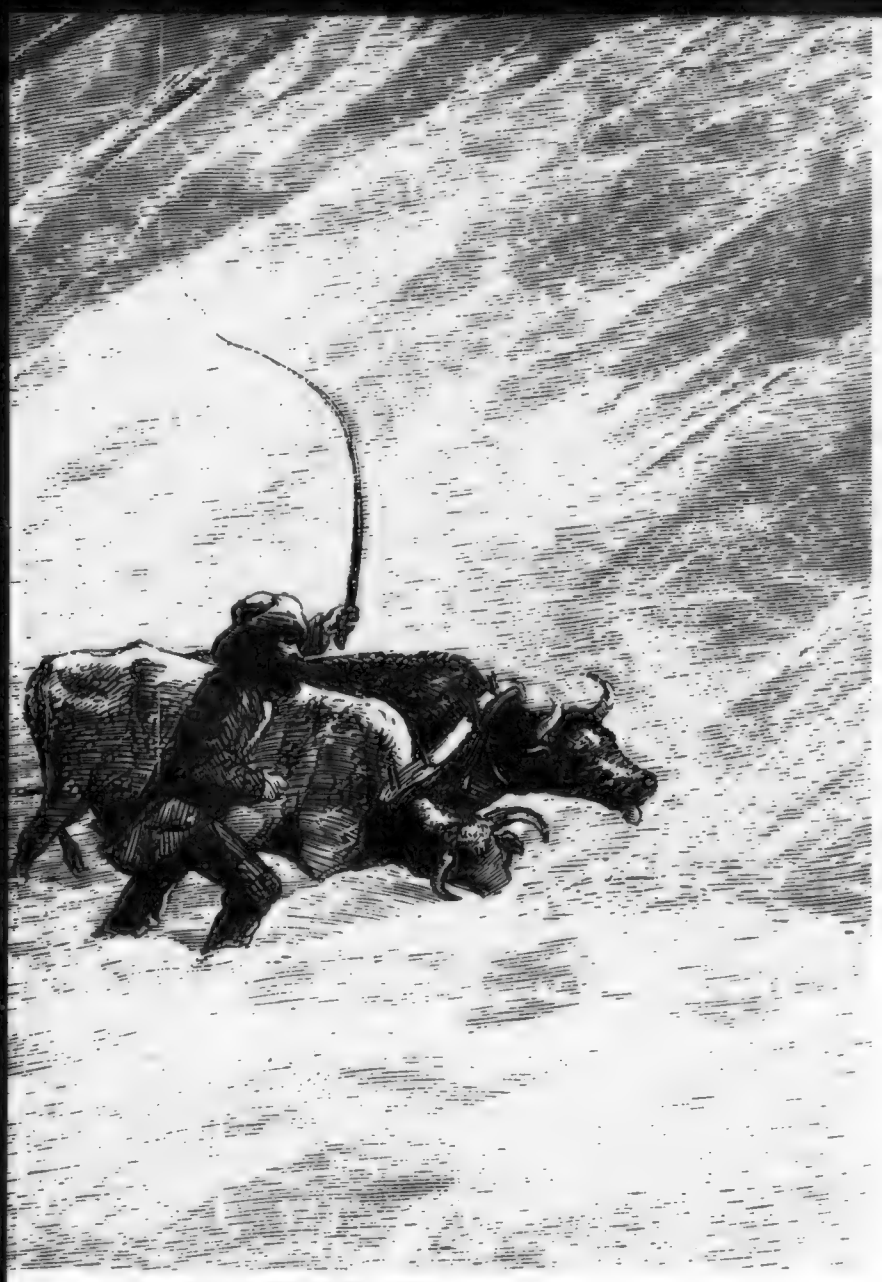
*During the winter of 1859–60, Kansas settlers struggled through bitter storms to obtain relief in Atchison.*

# STARVING KANSAS

THE HISTORY of Kansas Territory has been viewed primarily as a struggle between abolitionists and slave-state sympathizers, leaving the suspicion that nothing of further consequence occurred in the territory after the rejection of the infamous Lecompton Constitution ended civil strife in 1858. In 1859, however, a scourge of another kind—this one not man-made but rather the product of a harsh environment—rose to plague the settlers. Before Kansas could achieve statehood a drought struck the territory, bringing starvation and economic hardship, and very nearly depopulating the region. This desperate situation ultimately became a political and economic pariah, as politicians and speculators, in an effort to protect their own interest, ignored or sought to discredit pleas for aid.

Throughout her early history, Kansas Territory had been subject to weather extremes; but regardless of climatic conditions and crude farming methods, she had always managed to produce a bountiful harvest. The abundant crop of 1859 allowed the settlers to envision the apparent return of prosperity after the "panic of 1857." With the drought of 1859–60 this prayerful anticipation rapidly evaporated into a nightmare of crop failures, economic stagnation, and starvation. As conditions continued to deteriorate, thousands of settlers left and journeyed back to their homes in the East. Obviously, immediate economic relief was essential if the settlers were to remain in the territory.

The drought of 1859–60 brought an unprecedented period of hardship to the territory: indeed, it was a calamity worse



ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

# The Great Drought and Famine of 1859-60 *by Joseph G. Gambone*

than that of 1856, when Kansas was racked by hostility between opposing political forces. From June, 1859, until November, 1860, it was said that not enough rain fell "to wet the earth at any one time, two inches in depth." By the autumn of 1860, the ground was parched, springs and wells were dried up, and the water in the creeks was rapidly disappearing. The drought rendered nearly a third of the settlers destitute and therefore dependent upon outside aid for the necessities of life.

Crop failures were extensive throughout the territory except in regions along the Missouri River in the northeast, in the area of Leavenworth. Counties in the extreme southern portions seemed to have suffered the most. The deplorable state of the economy was not confined to the new and sparsely settled counties, but reached to populous and comparatively wealthy counties such as Shawnee, Bourbon, Jackson, and Jefferson. In Shawnee County, for example, out of four thousand acres of wheat sown, less than five hundred bushels were harvested.

Although warnings of a very light crop and hard times were issued in the early spring by the Lawrence *Republican* and Topeka *Kansas State Record,* no one mentioned famine, and there was no immediate outcry as others predicted a full spring wheat crop and improved economic conditions. Nevertheless, what had once been "Bleeding Kansas" was clearly becoming "Starving Kansas."

THE PEOPLE were not prepared for a severe crop failure. Granaries were empty; cash reserves were almost depleted by the necessary purchase of food, clothing, land claims, and home improvements. When it became apparent that their wheat crop was failing, many settlers plowed it up and planted corn. Then when it was evident that the corn would not yield a crop, they plowed it up and sowed buckwheat; and when they saw that it was a failure, they plowed again and planted turnips, which also failed. Clearly, there was no lack of endeavor, and optimism was still present in some quarters.

As the autumn of 1860 approached and as the difficulty of their position became more apparent, some began to discuss the obvious and serious consequences of their predicament. The severity of the drought became a confusing issue as conflicting reports circulated throughout the nation.

The recently acquired reputation of Kansas as a fertile garden, and the desire for additional immigrants and capital made it all the more necessary to provide the people east of the Mississippi River with a distorted picture of actual conditions. Local speculators and politicians were particularly anxious lest someone should admit that Kansas might need help. Fearing that a knowledge of the facts would discourage immigrants from settling the territory during the coming fall, these promotors argued that suffering was impossible anywhere in Kansas.

At this juncture, one settler in southern Kansas, C. H. Stillwell, wrote a letter to the New York *Tribune* in which he described with candid pathos the situation in his locality. Immediately, a cry of indignation arose from influential persons in the territory, and many eastern newspapers received letters arguing with emotional polemics that Kansas was abundantly able to take care of herself. But Stillwell's letter led to other more important results, since it was read by Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, who had been instrumental in obtaining economic aid for the territory during the civil strife of 1856. He immediately decided to go to Kansas and see for himself the actual state of affairs. He vowed to inquire into the condition of the people and to report his observations to the country, with a view of obtaining subscriptions to aid the alleged sufferers back in the territory and ease their plight.



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*Thaddeus Hyatt, the guiding force behind the relief movement.*

*William F. M. Arny, general shipping agent in the relief effort.*

*Samuel C. Pomeroy, who helped to organize the committee.*

Hyatt arrived at Atchison in northeastern Kansas in the latter part of August 1860 and associated himself with William F. M. Arny and Samuel C. Pomeroy—both of whom had been active in the earlier relief movement of 1856. These three men undertook a twenty-five-day investigation. They met many poverty-stricken settlers who were being literally driven from their homes by the tragedy. They had raised no crops and were starving.

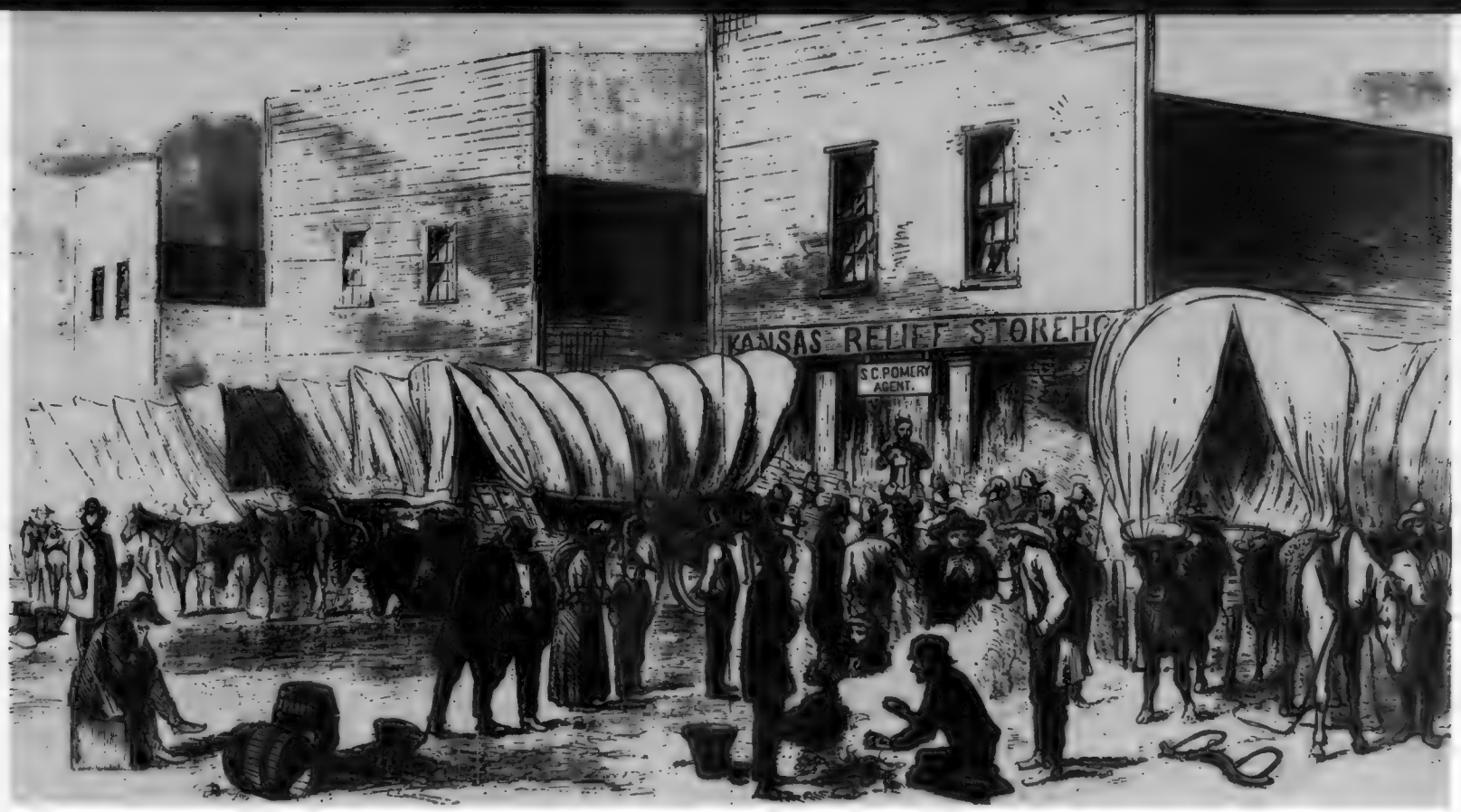
Contrary to some newspaper accounts, Hyatt soon learned that there was widespread recognition of the economic depression in the territory. Sober and discreet men, who refused to allow their judgments to be swayed by their hopes, were clearly aware of the severity of the drought. Throughout his investigation, Hyatt called public meetings to discuss the problems confronting the settlers.

At these meetings the testimony given in all instances related that bountiful crops had been harvested in former years, but the present prospects seemed dismal. Hyatt was convinced that it was necessary to have a formal organization in the territory before an appeal for relief was made. To accomplish this objective, citizens of the various counties and townships were requested to organize and appoint their own committees to distribute relief to the needy. Hyatt believed it was essential for the settlers to manage the relief work for themselves. As local organizations went to work, Hyatt continued his investigation and contributed several hundred dollars to help alleviate the misery.

To expedite the relief, Hyatt, Arny, and Pomeroy agreed to establish a formal territorial committee. They entered into an agreement among themselves for the receipt and distribution of provisions and money. They agreed to establish a general relief depot at Atchison, since it was the western terminal of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, thus allowing direct shipments of relief supplies into the territory. It was further agreed that Hyatt was authorized to raise funds in the eastern states for the payment of freight and other incidental costs; Arny was appointed general shipping agent and was authorized to solicit provisions and money in the western states; and Pomeroy was authorized to receive, at Atchison, all provisions for distribution to the various county and township committees, who would then give them to the needy.

To attend to the general operation of receiving, storing, and distributing the relief provisions, twelve persons were constantly employed. Eight buildings were used by the committee, including four warehouses, an office, a clothing room, a hotel, and a gristmill. The buildings were all free of rent, and all but two were owned by Pomeroy. The gristmill was used exclusively for preparing food for the destitute free of charge, while the hotel was operated as a hospital for those arriving in Atchison for aid.

Regardless of the many reliable accounts of suffering, several local journals still argued against the existence of a "Kansas famine." The Emporia *News* assured its readers that "the people of Kansas [were] perfectly able to live from their own resources," and that "nobody [was] going to starve or really suffer for want of provisions." The *Kansas National Democrat* confidently stated that the reports of destitution were greatly exaggerated; and the Leavenworth *Daily Times* contended that the relief outcry kept thousands of settlers from entering the territory, thereby "inflicting upon Kansas




***Over one million dollars' worth of provisions were shipped and distributed to destitute citizens, shown here at S. C. Pomery's* [sic] *office of the Kansas relief committee in Atchison.***

a more lasting injury than all the border ruffianism which overran the Territory" in 1856. The whole concept of a relief program was questioned by the *Southern Kansas Herald,* when it declared that only fraud would result: "We suppose somebody wants to act as agent, *a la* Aid Emigrant Society, and swindle the Eastern people, as that institution did."

BY MID-SEPTEMBER 1860 the organization of county and township relief committees was complete. The time seemed appropriate for an appeal to the East for aid, but complications developed. An appeal would produce few contributions, because the nation was absorbed in the presidential election. The Kansas settler would have to wait until Mr. Lincoln was elected.

The hope that the relief movement would gain momentum was not easily realized as people in the East continued to be preoccupied with national political questions. Hyatt warned the settlers that the presidential election would absorb the public attention, and that it would take a strenuous effort and much time to make the "people with full bellies feel for the empty one." He anticipated that some relief contributions would begin before November but cautioned that little could "be counted on until December." Therefore, he pleaded with the settlers to write letters to friends and acquaintances, as well as newspapers, in the East, explaining the drastic condition of the territory and asking that their letters be published in an effort to arouse interest in the famine.

Realizing that the plight of the settlers was getting worse each day, Hyatt wrote numerous letters to the New York *Tribune,* hoping to bring the tragedy to the attention of the people throughout the East. Yet the *Tribune* remained silent and refused to publish his reports. Apparently the November election was more important. Evidently Hyatt did not believe that "an honest effort to arouse the country to active sympathy in behalf of the destitute thousands" would be regarded as a direct interference with the presidential election.

In a moment of anger, he exclaimed: "[W]hen the ears of the country shall tingle with the tales of the dreadful sufferings of our poor Kansas population, and when the heart of the country shall grow sick with the horrors that will then be hourly accumulating upon it, the question will be asked in a thousand quarters, Why were these things not foreseen in time to avert and save? And my reply to the country in that hour will be as it now is: *They were foreseen!* and they might have been averted! and they would have been, had the New York *Tribune* done its duty."

In Hyatt's view, Thurlow Weed and other Republican leaders wanted all the money they could get "to carry the election" for Lincoln, and did not want the excitement about Kansas to damage the prospects or to distract attention. The fear that the Kansas famine could divert subscriptions from the Republican political coffers, as it had done during the Frémont campaign of 1856, was of little comfort to the Kansas sufferers.

In 1856 the leaders of the 1860 relief movement had been closely associated with the Republican party, and had taken up the cause of "Frémont and Free-Kansas." Aid had been furnished with a liberal hand as "Bleeding Kansas" became a prominent slogan of the election. Hyatt, Pomeroy, and



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*Statehood in 1861 added impetus to the the relief effort and brought an end to "starving Kansas," though not before thousands, like these Douglas County residents, had suffered and died.*

others campaigned vigorously, while at the same time soliciting money and provisions for Kansas. They had informed the nation of the lawlessness in the territory and the adverse condition of the free-state settlers. It had been anticipated that an effective appeal would not only supply material aid for Kansas but would also assure the election of Frémont.

But the plea for relief funds in 1856 had caused large donations to be diverted from the Republican political war chest. As a consequence Hyatt had met with a severe rebuff from one of Frémont's chief campaign managers, who had remarked that "the best way to help Kansas [was] to elect Frémont" and not to arouse the public for relief funds until the campaign had been concluded. Thus, in 1860, when it was again rumored that Kansas would appeal for relief, Republican leaders were understandably concerned. The fear that appeals for aid would detour funds from Republican political coffers was probably unjustified, however; since the slavery question had been settled, the territory no longer commanded such widespread attention in the East. Regardless of this, Republican leaders were unwilling to gamble that Lincoln's campaign could successfully compete with appeals that were being made for aid to Kansas.

Although the intention may have been to keep Kansas as carefully in the background during the campaign of 1860 as it had been prominent in the foreground during the previous presidential struggle, the fact that an extraordinary state of affairs prevailed throughout the territory could hardly escape national attention. Nevertheless, Hyatt believed that unless Kansas could be made to appear to help Lincoln's election, the Republican party would rather see the people "die of starvation" than damage their prospects for victory.

PERHAPS HYATT's harsh language can be understood when it is recalled that he had gone to Kansas on his own initiative to report to the nation the condition of the settlers. Since his letters to the *Tribune* were not published, he was understandably bitter toward politicians in the East. Yet he realized that the future of Kansas rested with the Republican party. He saw no hope for the Democrats, whose actions against the territory were a "fair type of the shame, brutal, and bastard Democracy that [had] ruled the country so long, and that [demanded] to rule it longer still."

Because a genuine famine that was ignored could be as damaging to the Republican cause as a premature appeal for funds that might distract attention and money from Lincoln's campaign, the Republican party decided to check. U.S. Senator William H. Seward, already on a western campaign tour for the Republican party, was sent to report on the actual situation in Kansas. Upon his arrival at Lawrence in

late September 1860, Seward's first impression was that there would be "no famine in Kansas."

However, after he had observed conditions more carefully, he qualified his statement. In a speech at Atchison, two days later, he stated: "I have not found here a prosperous and happy people—but . . . I have found families . . ., having exhausted all their resources in establishing homes for themselves, having been disappointed in gaining from their labor provisions for the supply of their wants."

Seward returned to the East, convinced that some relief was needed. On October 3 he informed the country that many settlers were leaving the territory because of the drought; those who remained had to be relieved. He promised to do all that he could for the sufferers because Kansas was still "the most important outpost of the Republican army."

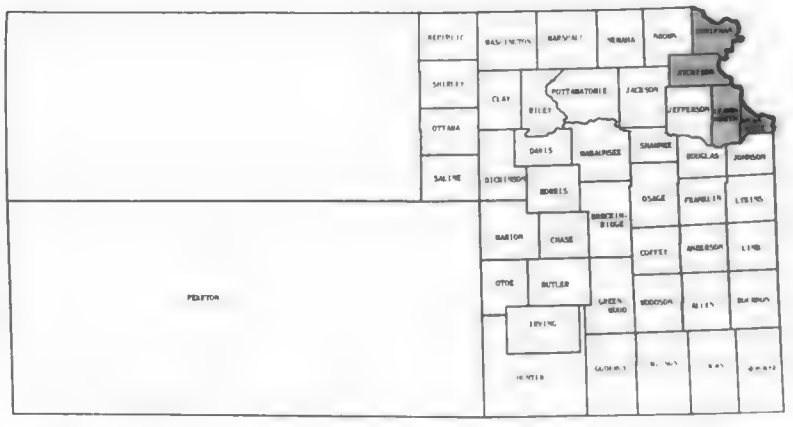
Seward's candor helped to alleviate doubts caused by the contradictory reports from Kansas. He also reassured the drought-stricken settlers that the Republican party was truly concerned about their plight. The eastern press immediately responded with articles and editorials concerning the people's suffering, although the majority of the public remained quiescent to the famine. The New York *Tribune* now accepted the validity of Hyatt's earlier claims. On October 10 it appealed to the nation to relieve the actual want of the settlers "who have the prospect of famine before them," and denounced those who attempted to discredit the truth. Even the *Missouri Republican,* which seldom spoke out in favor of her neighboring territory, reported in early October the need for immediate action by the people throughout the states.

As the nation became aware of the Kansas crisis, relief supplies were shipped westward. By December, over one million pounds of provisions had been shipped to Pomeroy, while the treasury at Atchison had a temporary balance of $8,000. As the New Year approached, it became evident that the necessary supplies and funds would be raised to eliminate most of the suffering. Although appeals for aid continued, attention in the territory turned toward Washington, as the Thirty-Sixth Congress reconvened with talk of statehood.

The official announcement of Kansas statehood in January 1861 was welcome news in "Starving Kansas." Even though many settlers probably thought that suffering under "Democratic tyranny" was worse than the economic depression, Kansas, nevertheless, entered the Union like a child crying, "I'm hungry; give me something to eat!"

Statehood gave the relief movement added impetus. Immediate action was taken by the state legislatures of Wisconsin, New York, and Pennsylvania to help their sister state. Appropriations totaling $85,000 were approved to insure that suffering was relieved and that an ample harvest would be possible in Kansas once again. Furthermore, large quantities of provisions continued to pour into Kansas from the western states, and generous financial donations were sent from various state committees, churches, and individuals.

The streets of Atchison were filled with applicants from




***That infamous winter, only the northeast counties (colored area on map) escaped the famine.***

all parts of the new state, loading their teams with relief provisions. In describing the scene, a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily Tribune* dramatically wrote: "Great, stalwart men, gaunt, lean, hungry looking, weary, sad, tired, and dispirited; poorly clad, and in all respects filling one with the conviction of suffering patiently borne and long repressed."

The relief work in Kansas continued until May 1861, when almost all of these provisions were exhausted. According to the final report of the relief committee in Atchison, more than fifteen million pounds of supplies and seed had been received and distributed, and more than $150,000 had been received and expended for freight costs. In the final analysis the relief program alleviated much of the economic distress that accompanied the drought of 1859–60.

Political considerations and economic self-interest could have made the Kansas drought and famine a tragedy of enormous proportions. The Republican party's reluctance to support the appeals for aid was politically motivated; the election of 1860 preoccupied the national attention and obscured the potential disaster in Kansas; land speculators and statehood promoters attempted to deny any drought and disaster, fearing that the disclosure would inhibit settlement. A genuine famine could have depopulated the state to the point that statehood would have been impossible, or at best an empty gesture.

The private efforts of Thaddeus Hyatt, William F. M. Arny, and Samuel C. Pomeroy brought food, clothing, seed grain, and money to Kansas settlers badly in need of such necessities. The relief effort left Kansas healthy enough for an immediate revival of agriculture with the return of adequate rainfall in 1861. Recovery was stimulated by the outbreak of the Civil War; crops returned, the economy improved, and the promise of Kansas as an agricultural Eden was fulfilled as breadbasket for the Union army.

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**Joseph G. Gambone,** *historian for the Kansas State Historical Society, has written several articles for* Civil War History *and the* Kansas Historical Quarterly. *He is presently researching the final years of Kansas Territory.*

BILLIE WRIGHT

*"Wood has to be cut and hauled for the Yukon stove; to have no fire is a matter of life or death."*

BILLIE WRIGHT

*"Chinked with sphagnum moss and lichens, then banked with snow, . . . our cabin is well insulated."*

SAM WRIGHT

*"Empty, except for our small twelve-by-twelve-foot dwelling, isolated in this mountain fastness."*

# A Way of

*by Sam Wright*

I HAVE JUST ADDED a couple of split logs of spruce to the Yukon stove. It is fifty degrees below zero outside our small cabin, and a steady fire is necessary. Snow has been brought in to melt. Wood has been stacked behind the stove, and a hind leg of caribou hangs from the heavy crossbeam to thaw during the night.

Outside, the great silence of the arctic winter night is unbroken. The sky shimmers and glows with curtains of light racing overhead from horizon to horizon as the northern lights display their pastel greens, reds, and blues to an empty world—empty, except for our small twelve-by-twelve-foot log dwelling, isolated in this mountain fastness of the Brooks Range, north of the Arctic Circle and two hundred miles from Fairbanks, Alaska.

Chinked with sphagnum moss and lichens, often banked with snow under the eaves of its sod roof, our cabin is well-insulated. The windows shine golden on the snow, and the soft light of the kerosene lamp adds to the warmth.

The lamp gives a glow to Nuliak's face across the oilcloth-covered, spruce plank table. *Nuliak* is Eskimo for "wife," and though Nuliak is not an Eskimo, our life here together near the top of the world is much like that of the Nunamiut, inland Eskimos, who hunted the caribou in these mountains for thousands of years.

One reason for our decision to spend the winter in the Arctic was to learn firsthand something of the life of these caribou hunters who now number only about one hundred and are gathered at their old hunting grounds, in a village at Anaktuvuk Pass in the center of the range. Correctly, the Eskimo word is *Anaktuvik,* the place of caribou feces: *Anak,* feces; *-tu,* of caribou; *-vik,* place or time of.

Another reason for our decision to spend the winter in the Arctic was that we had never done it. But primarily it was because an old Eskimo woman said to me, "How you learn about Eskimo, Sam, unless you live like Eskimo early days ago? Not like now—he pretend to be white man now. White man don't know what it like to live alone in Arctic—hunt, trap, catch fish through hole in ice. Go live like Eskimo in early days ago. Not in village. Then you know."

So in the fall, shortly before freeze-up, the bush pilot landed us with his float plane on the shore of Koviashuvik, one of the lakes in the central Brooks Range. Our lake can

# Life Called Eskimo

*The third of a series on "The Last Frontier":*
*Withstanding the Elements in Northern Alaska*

be found on many maps, but not by the name of Koviashuvik. After our first winter, we learned that privacy is as difficult to maintain in the arctic wilderness as elsewhere, for not only the birds fly north in the summer, but so do men. It seems to be his nature to search out others of his species. To protect our isolation, we no longer use the name found on the maps.

Koviashuvik, like many Eskimo words, is a statement of being as well as place. Its root, *Koviashu,* refers to happiness, joy, gladness; and the suffix, *-vik,* is place or time of.

This is now our second winter in this arctic wilderness at Koviashuvik, that we call our home. Our life, like those of the early caribou-hunting Eskimos, is shaped more by necessity than choice, yet we have chosen this environment in which to live as a matter of value. It was my study of value formation that brought us back to the village in Anaktuvuk Pass during the summer of 1968, for in these inland Eskimos, the Nunamiut, we sensed a quality of life all but lost in our technological age. In our exploration of this quality of selfhood, we became increasingly aware that it was rooted in the environment, but not just the external environment that is presently such an ecological concern. We also discovered that it is one thing to talk about a quality of life, but quite another to live it. So we chose a way of life called "Eskimo" and have rediscovered values that for us have not only enhanced the quality of our lives but provided a perspective we would share with others.

WE BEGAN our first winter in this small cabin, built high above the lake on a mountain shelf by a gold miner some forty years ago. The cabin needed rechinking. Broken glass panes in the two windows had to be replaced. The Yukon stove needed repair, and a section of the chimney was gone. But basically it was a sound cabin that would protect us from the cold during the long winter night.

The bush pilot taxied his small float plane to the shore and helped us unload our supplies. Then, with a wave, he said, "See you next month!" The plane's drone quickly died away over the mountains. The sense of isolation was immediate. I loaded my rifle; winter meat was already on my mind.

We had seen a bull moose feeding in the shallows across the lake as we flew in, and a caribou had run across the island beneath us as we swept low to land on the water. This was also home of the grizzly bear, and though he seldom bothers man, a sow with cubs could be a problem. It was wise to be prepared for the unexpected, as we were now miles from the nearest neighbor with no roads or way to call out, and winter would soon be setting in.

The evening shadows of the mountains had already reached across the lake as I handed Nuliak the rifle and lifted a box of supplies to my shoulder for the climb up the mountainside. I said, "Well, here we are, like 'early days ago.' Let's go check our igloo. At least we don't have to start from scratch."

After hiking up the steep slope to the cabin, we faced immediate chores before dark. We had to fix the chimney of the Yukon stove temporarily with some discarded coffee cans, cut wood, start a fire, and hike to the creek for water. Although little was said that first night after we crawled into bed on the spruce-pole bunk, the question was there in the dark, unspoken. What to expect in the days ahead? A few things we knew. The sun would be gone for at least two months. The temperature could be expected to drop to somewhere between forty and sixty degrees below zero. We had plenty of ammunition and a good rifle, and had already seen our source of meat. Somehow it all seemed right.

Our first necessity was food, and in the Arctic this means meat and fat. Caribou, the arctic deer, have been the staff of life for men since before recorded history, and never was I so aware of this as when I carefully moved downwind stalking the caribou we had seen when we arrived.

This was no ordinary hunt in which sportsmen delight to bring back trophies for their game room. This was no sport in which I was participating. It was life itself. I raised my rifle; but the willow brush between me and the animal was such that I did not want to chance a deflected bullet, so I did not fire. The handsome buck saw my movement and, bending back his head of great antlers, paced over the tussocks across an open space at right angles to me, where I followed him in my sights. With the kick of my rifle, he dropped on the tundra before the echo of the shot could return from the mountainside. I had no question as to a good, clean kill. I had broken his neck. He never knew he was hit. It was Nuliak for whom I was most concerned.

Reared in urban centers, she had always found her meat



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behind a glass counter or plastic wrapped in a supermarket. I was sure she had never seen an animal killed before; and though she was well aware that meat-counter steak was once part of an animal, like most Americans, she seldom made this connection.

Meat means the death of an animal, but here it is much more personal than in the evasive suburban world. Pulling the caribou on its back, I said, "Here, hold this leg so he doesn't roll over," while I began skinning. Although she said very little, she helped me skin and quarter him.

Since that first caribou she has shared many times in this experience as old as man, which in our life necessarily has a quality that can best be described as sacred. Our relation to the caribou has an intimacy few people know or understand in today's secondhand world.

THERE IS another intimacy and directness that cannot be avoided when two people spend an arctic winter together in a one-room cabin. At the same time, privacy exists in a way that is seldom found elsewhere. I had wondered about privacy among the Nunamiut Eskimos, where the father, mother, several children, and a grandparent wintered together in the one room of their sod igloo. Privacy, we discovered, was a value enhanced by the intimacy of our compact quarters. Privacy exists only as it is respected and given—there is no privacy from a prying person anywhere. But the Nunamiut never pry. Neither do our neighbors.

Last fall during freeze-up, when the bush pilot could not land on the lake with either floats or skis, I had an important piece of mail that had to reach New York by a specific deadline. The only way to get it out was to hike to my nearest neighbor's cabin over two passes to the west. There he and his Eskimo wife work their gold claim in the summer and hunt wolves in the winter from his small plane. I knew that he flew into Wiseman to meet the mail plane, which came in twice a month, and would take my mail with him.

It was a rugged thirty-five miles on foot each way, to avoid the deeper snow in the passes. I arrived late, worn out, and, of course, unexpected. There was no question as to what was to be done. My host hung my rifle on a peg outside the door and brought out a pair of caribou skin slippers to replace my wet boots; his wife poured out a cup of hot coffee and put the cold moose roast on the stove. No one asked why I had come, although they certainly were curious. Only after I had finished my coffee and commented on the hike across the mountains was a question asked.

"How is Nuliak?"

Then I remembered my manners and told them why I had come, assuring them that we did not have an emergency illness or accident.

The respect for privacy is not talked about. It is a way of life in our frontier environment. They put up a cot in their one-room cabin, pointed out the trail to the outhouse, and by the light of the gasoline lantern, we sat around the table and talked about wolves.

My neighbor is a bounty hunter. He has a permit from the state of Alaska to shoot wolves from the air, and collects a fifty-dollar bounty for each wolf taken. A prime wolf skin can bring as much as eighty dollars in the present fur market, so it is understandable why he is concerned that the wolf may no longer be classified as a destructive predator, that the shooting of wolves from aircraft may be outlawed, and therefore, that the bounty may be eliminated. Winter wolf hunting is an important part of his livelihood, indirectly underwritten by the state bounty system. My neighbors know that I oppose the bounty system, as well as hunting from aircraft, but we never confront each other directly on this matter although our letters to the Department of Fish and Game present opposing views. We recognize that our relationship as neighbors is primary, and though we get in our digs, our discussion of wolves is usually about the quality of their pelts, whether they are on the increase or decrease in the range, and anecdotes of our wolf encounters.

At Koviashuvik we consider the wolves an integral part of our life. Our encounters are seldom conventional. While sawing spruce logs for firewood one morning, I paused to rest and cool off. (Even in temperatures of twenty below zero, body heat is rapidly generated in a good parka while sawing frozen wood with a Swedish buck saw. One of the problems of the extreme cold is to avoid sweating, for moisture will freeze in clothing, removing its dry insulating quality.) I threw back the hood of my parka, then turned quickly around, for I heard in the distance the greatest chorus of wolves I'd heard yet.

From across the lake, the voices seemed to be in the hundreds, and in all pitches, rhythms, melodies, and short barks. There was no doubt that a great celebration was going on. Two or three wolves can sound like twice that many. Seven wolves can sound like a hundred. So I estimated that at least seven wolves were at a kill.

Immediately, I picked up my rifle and headed toward the chorus, about two miles away. This could mean that the caribou were moving in. For two months now there had been no sign of caribou. The herds migrated to the west this fall, bypassing us, and we could use fresh meat.

Snowshoeing down the mountainside on the way to the lake, I stopped during a lull in the yowling and howled back to the group. Silence followed. Then from what seemed to be only about fifty yards behind me, a howl began running up the scale into a scream, and was quickly followed by another. I whirled about, throwing a cartridge into the breech of my rifle. My hair had raised on the back of my neck, and I stopped breathing; but nothing moved in the willow brush sticking up through the snow beneath the dark spruce trees. The pounding of my heart sounded deafening in my parka hood, and I tried to breathe quietly as I reacted to the adrenalin that had been released into my bloodstream.

Then the wolves across the lake once more took up their singing, and my pulse dropped to normal as I slowly eased myself through the willows toward the place from which the howls of the near wolves seemed to have come. About fifty yards above me, in a thaw-creek depression, were the fresh tracks of four wolves. Apparently they had been traveling upwind and out of sight of me when I howled. As the morning was full of wolf howls anyway, I guessed they were not surprised to hear another one close by. In typical wolf fashion, they answered in kind. Then stepping over the rise in the slight ravine, they saw not the wolf they expected at a fresh kill, but a two-legged animal with a wolf fur ruff about his head. They immediately took off at a full run, as their tracks clearly showed.

The sound of the festivities across the lake continued until I reached the center of the empty, white frozen expanse; then it ceased abruptly. Obviously, I had been spotted. That ended the wolf choir for the day.

I CONTINUED on across the lake ice. At the kill, the snow was tramped down in a hundred-foot-wide circle with a blood-stained bull's-eye in the center containing what little remained of the carcass of a moose. Still no caribou. As I estimated the number of wolves from the tracks to be about ten, I was somewhat surprised at my feelings. I expected I might feel a negative response to the competition of predators in my territory. Instead, I felt the Eskimo's sense of identification—I, too, was a predator, as are all men, no matter how well we camouflage it in the so-called civilized world. There is little room for self-deception here.

In the mountains of this last great wilderness, we have discovered values that are not confined to this way of life called "Eskimo," but are perhaps more clearly seen in an environment that puts a premium on essentials.

We know where every empty coffee and pressure fuel can is located, and the many uses to which they can be put, for nothing is expendable. We save ashes to hasten melting of the snow in spring and to deodorize the outdoor toilet. Mixed with clay, they form the mortar for our outdoor summer oven.

Food, clothing, and shelter are not abstractions but immediate necessities. Wood has to be cut for the Yukon stove, not because it is pleasant to have a warm cabin, but to have no fire is to court death. This recognition gives a value to every act of wood gathering and cutting. I know every dead tree within a mile or two of our cabin, and am aware of those beyond. We know the feel of spruce and the way it splits, dry, wet, or frozen. We know the fresh smell of its pitch and the taste of its smoke in our sourdough bread.

We never eat "meat," although we use the term. We eat ptarmigan, moose, or caribou, and we knew the particular caribou whose roast is on the stove. We knew him as he paced across the frozen ice and pawed through the snow for moss and lichens—the same moss and lichens that chink our cabin and stuff our pillows with tundra fragrance. We knew every tree in our spruce-pole bed, each selected for its size and taper. We knew the moose whose hide covers these poles and the blizzard that numbed our fingers and engulfed the world with white the day we skinned him.

BILLIE WRIGHT

*"It is fifty degrees below zero outside our small cabin, and a steady fire is necessary."*

We know life and death. Denny O'Keefe froze on our lake early one spring, and across the lake the best low-bush cranberries grow around the graves of Nakuchluk and John Rooney. We hear the news from Fairbanks on our radio, when the static is not too bad, and know that the dimensions of life and death reach 'round the world. We listen to statistics, from the number of barrels of oil produced per day by a new well on the North Slope to the weekly dead in Vietnam, and recall the first question always asked by the Eskimo children, "What's your name?"

Earlier tonight we heard the wolves, and I recognized the voice of one I call "Old Sore Throat." When stars glitter in the cold and the aurora dances across the sky, the chorus elicits a response in us that can be compared only with those rare moments when a great work of art, music, or words evokes a touch of the eternal.

This way of life called Eskimo has a long history, and modern man for all his imagined insulation still lives in this same world of summer and winter, life and death. As the old Eskimo grandmother said, "Go live like Eskimo in early days ago. . . . Then you know."

**Sam Wright,** *professor of social ecology, is presently living in, observing, and writing about northern Alaska.*



XUM

# THE AMERICAN RODEO

## Sport and Spectacle

by Willard H. Porter

*Bill Linderman rides "high and loose" on a bareback bronc named "Eleanor," who did indeed have "fifty-seven kinds of Hell-in-er."*

*Wrecks such as this one are not infrequent in professional rodeo exhibitions. But how the hapless rider got out of this one alive nobody knows, including the photographer.*

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

A FEW YEARS AGO at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, ninety-five thousand spectators watched a one-day rodeo. And countless millions of television fans have viewed such presentations as the Pendleton Round-Up and the Phoenix Rodeo of Rodeos. According to the Rodeo Cowboys Association, the professional cowboys' Denver-based union, there were 547 approved shows in 42 states and 4 Canadian provinces in 1970. Total prize money amounted to over $4,115,021, and association membership burgeoned to over 3,400.

Dave Stout, executive secretary of the association, estimates that about 11.2 million *aficionados* bought tickets last season to behold and admire the particular skills of cowboy athletes roping calves, wrestling steers, riding bucking horses, and attempting to ride recalcitrant, cross-bred Brahma bulls.

Rodeo is big business. While it has long been argued in the press and around the campfire whether this is a sport or a spectacle, insiders such as producers, sponsors, stock contractors, and other professionals continue to develop and refine the show, and ignore the dispute. So far as semantics are concerned, it is both sport and spectacle—and *big*, indeed, in every sense. But it wasn't always this way. Today's rodeo evolved slowly, sometimes violently.

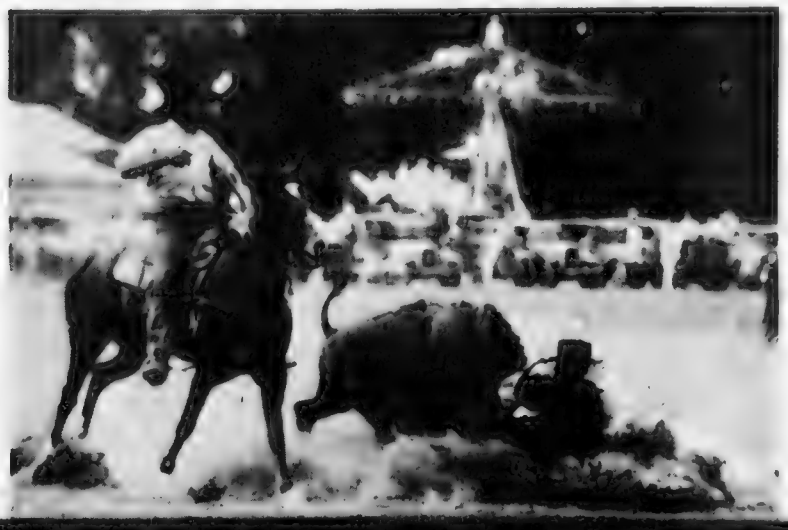
Where did rodeo first start? And when? The seeds of competitive events were probably planted in Texas, following the northern migration of Mexican cattle, which became known as Texas Longhorns. The precise moment rodeo started won't be found in history books, because nobody recorded the conversation, as one wrangler must have suggested to another, "I reckon Red can plumb whip Buckshot ridin' them blaze-faced broncs of Old Man Dillahunty's"; and the other replied, "You're loco. Ain't nobody gonna beat Buckshot ridin' broncs or ropin' steers."

Such an exchange, or surely a similar one, occurred in the Lone Star State at one time or another—perhaps as far back as Civil War days—and from this argument over the riding and roping ability of a pair of open-range waddies, competitive rodeo was born. But nobody really knows when it first happened or who the first competitors were.

The cattle industry of a century or more ago was a great, rambling operation covering enormous areas of land, over which huge herds of grazing Longhorns roamed free and un-

***It took a stout horse and a savvy roper to "bust" a steer single-handed. Here John McEntire gets the job done and done well at Ada, Oklahoma, in the 1930s.***

***The old rodeo saying that "you don't have to be crazy but it sure helps," seems borne out by Dick Truitt's feat of "dogging" a buffalo at a Sun City, Kansas, rodeo in 1929. This was an exhibition—probably to keep the customers amused while the chutes were being loaded afresh. Hazing for Truitt, with a grin on his face that almost wreathed his ears, is Bob "Wild Horse" Crosby, perhaps the saltiest of all the salty dogs who transformed "contesting" into a major spectator sport.***



***Here Truitt has "Ol' Shaggy" down and no dogfall, either. Note the horn weights that gave Truitt a little added protection against being gutted by mistake.***

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*Lee Caldwell on "Flying Devil," a real "beast with a belly-full of bed springs," at Miles City, Montana, 1914. The angora leggings were de rigeur with the boys from the northern plains in the early days of the roundup and stampede of the rodeo evolution.*

*"The glass of fashion and the mould of form" at Calgary, Canada, 1912. Billed as "World's Champions" were (left to right): Tex McLeod, trick roping; Fanny Sperry, cowgirl bronc riding; Jim Massey, bareback bronc riding; and Otto Kline, cowboy trick riding.*

molested. Fences were unheard of. Nevertheless, land divisions or area borders were recognized and respected by ranchers responsible for supplying red meat to a young, vigorous, expanding nation. Due to the errant habits of half-wild cattle, ranchmen found it necessary at roundup time to pool their cowpokes and separate, according to individual markings and brands, those cattle that had wandered across imaginary borders and mixed with herds from other ranches.

ROUNDUPS ENTAILED a lot of hard, dirty, ignoble chores. They also produced from each cattle empire a few men of grandeur who were remarkably adept at roping feisty steers, taking the kinks out of remuda bangtails, or cutting cow brutes from a herd. A characteristic of the American cowboy was (and still is) to exploit those skills in which he became proficient. So naturally during the early roundups, a keen rivalry developed between the "specialty" men representing the many different brands that were thrown together to separate and redistribute thousands of head of cattle. After work, challenges were met by counter-challenges, and since the livestock was available, steer roping and horse riding contests were arranged, with monthly pay or pieces of equipment backing claims of supremacy.

These rivalries became so intense that at Pecos, Texas, in 1883, a cowboy contest was held to settle a long-standing jangle between the camps of cowboys from several district livestock domains. The people of the community were invited to watch. Since the event was regarded as an extension of normal ranch activities, no admission fees were charged.

According to Foghorn Clancy's *My Fifty Years in Rodeo* and Clifford P. Westermeier's *Man, Beast, Dust* (and a corral-ful of other old-timers), other early cowboy competitions—or "tournaments" as they were often called—were held at Piney Ridge, Arkansas, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the 1870s; Miles City, Montana, in 1891; Lander, Wyoming, in 1893; and Cheyenne, Wyoming, whose Frontier Days has been celebrated annually in July since its inception in 1897. Another Frontier Days, initially held at Prescott, Arizona, in 1888, is reputedly the first event of its kind ever to combine cash prizes for winners and admission charges for onlookers of the events.

"The first competitive indoor rodeo," says Boyce House, long-time publicity director for the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show at Fort Worth, Texas, "was held in the North Side Coliseum in 1918." Before that, the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West Show presented an exhibition (1916), followed the next year by a similar exhibition staged by Colonel Zack Mullhall with the added attraction of his famous equestrian daughter, Lucille.

Harry Knight, who in 1898 broke horses in Los Angeles for the British government to use in the Boer War, once said the word *rodeo* was first introduced in that city, in 1912, during a show which was called a "roundup." "The Los Angeles newsboys, mostly Mexican kids," Knight recalled,

"were instructed to whoop and holler to advertise the show . . . but they couldn't say 'roundup.' So they whooped and hollered '*rodeo*,' Spanish for roundup, and the name stuck."

Knight once rode for Colonel William F. Cody, whose enterprises (Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show & Congress of Rough Riders of the World and Wild West Rocky Mountain and Prairie Exhibition) were among the most colorful and exciting around the turn of the century. They were also, with others like them, forerunners of what today is called the "rodeo circuit." As arena director and boss hostler, Knight traveled with Cody all over the country.

"The Colonel," he explained, "was the greatest showman of them all. I can see him now being introduced to the crowd. He'd whip off that big white hat and hold it straight out from his side. He wore beautiful hats. The John B. Stetson people used to make them for him and send them to him six at a time. But what a showman! He could quiet a crowd like that [*Knight snapped his fingers*] when he started to talk . . . like the time we played Princeton, New Jersey."

Despite an unfriendly attitude on the part of the townsfolk, as Knight recalled the incident, Cody took the show in and set it up. The next day before the matinee, he had a scuffle with about two hundred and fifty Princeton students. He settled it by meeting them head on "in a kind of old-fashioned, whoop-de-doo cavalry charge." The matinee was held on time.

"That afternoon," said Knight, "tickets started to go like grass fire . . . and we noticed that students were buying them. I mentioned to the Colonel, 'Looks like those boys are going to have another go at us.' Sure enough, when the night performance started, the students began a hullabaloo, yelling and pounding. The Colonel rounded up his trouble shooters . . . and we knew what to do. Then he rode into the middle of the ring and started to talk. 'Boys,' he said, 'I want you to shut up. If you don't believe we're serious about putting on this show, just look behind you. A word from me and you're all in one big heap!' What the students saw was a dozen elephants chained by their hind legs to the uprights propping up the grandstand.

"Of course," continued Knight, "the Colonel was only bluffing . . . but it sure worked. After that, the boys never opened their mouths through the whole show."

If the larger wild west attractions were, in part, preludes to competitive rodeo, then so were the smaller itinerant shows. Some of these in the early 1900s were called "bronc shows," and one fellow named Hackberry Slim, so named for his wooden leg, made a business of carting broncs around the state of Texas. He would seek out livestock get-togethers, county fairs, and "picnics" near which he would set up his tent-covered operation. Folks would pay plenty to see local boys try to ride Slim's pitchin' broncos.

The Texas picnics were events in themselves, consisting of foot races, cow pony races, relay races, prize fighting, wrestling, potato races, sack races for the kids, ring spearing, rooster pulling, buffalo riding, clown acts, and just about any-

***Tad Lucas, one of the best of the entrants in the cowgirl events, sits a "wringy" bronc with aplomb and éclat. These days women participate less frequently in the exhibitions than before.***

***As appealingly boyish as was Casey Tibbs in later years, Yakima Canutt took second in the bronc riding at Pendleton in 1915. On his right is Lee Caldwell, who took first, and on his left Jackson Sundown, who placed third, a Nez Percé who many oldsters believe was the greatest rough-string rider ever born. "Yak" Canutt went on to star in a bushel or so of "oaters," then did stunt work in Hollywood, including John Ford's classic* Stagecoach. *Eventually he became a top-flight director of action sequences, such as the chariot race in* Ben Hur.**

*Twenty years after he dogged the buffalo at Sun City, Kansas, Dick Truitt "gets down" on his steer at Cheyenne, 1948. This is a classic bulldogging shot—hazer, steer, and dogger all in perspective—by a master of rodeo photography, DeVere Helfrich of Klamath Falls, Oregon.*

*It didn't take a Brahma bull to dirty a shirt. In a later, even more deadly contest, Fritz Truan was killed in the arena called Iwo Jima.*

thing young western bucks could think up, including putting away plenty of chow and red-eye. When the picnics and the bronc shows coincided with the arrival of traveling bronc stompers, with their packs on mules or spare horses, the community was flooded with salty shenanigans.

In a more sober vein, matched steer ropings began to appeal to the aggressive nature of other traveling cowboys, who rode through Texas, Oklahoma, and parts of Arizona during the same period. They enjoyed match roping one another or anybody else with an itch to try to beat them catching and tripping a number of speedy steers and securing them with a piggin' string. A couple of celebrated career steer ropers were J. Ellison Carroll and Clay McGonigal, both Texans.

Carroll was born in San Patricio County in 1862. As a young man, he worked on several of the famous old Texas ranches and later became one of the best trail drivers in the state. When he matured as a contest roper, there was seldom a time he would not bet his last saddle on his ability to outrope and -tie any other cowpuncher who could swing a loop.

McGonigal, although he lived part of his life in Arizona and New Mexico, was born in Lavaca County in 1879. His love for roping commenced as soon as he was old enough to climb into a saddle and toss a line. Once grown, he devoted the rest of his life to his favorite pastime. From 1900 to 1920, he was considered one of the fastest professional ropers, competing in over five hundred matches and rodeos.

Speculation ran high in the southwestern cattle states on which of these men was the better roper. At one show, Carroll would win; at the next, McGonigal. So it went for years, until on December 31, 1907, and January 1, 1908, in order to crown a "Texas Champion Steer Roper," the pair was matched at San Angelo. Each of the combatants roped thirty steers apiece, with the fastest total time determining the winner. Veteran cattlemen, who still speak of the event as simply "the big ropin'," will tell you that the steers weighed eight hundred pounds each. The line of start from the steer chute, ahead of the horse and rider, was a full sixty feet. Carroll won the match and the title, which he held until 1913 when he retired undefeated.

In a way, Carroll was forced to retire because, even before the San Angelo match, one-man steer roping had become very controversial and had actually been outlawed in Texas. At the century's turn, every waddie on the range dreamed of glory if he could only get into the big-time ropings. But to do this he had to be good. And to be good meant practice and lots of it. So out across the Panhandle galloped every Tex, Cotton, Slim, Buckshot, and Red in pursuit of his boss's Longhorns. Many cattle were run slab-sided, some were crippled, and not a few disappeared entirely. Ranchers were in no position to stand the loss, so they were compelled to put an end to the sport they dearly loved. In 1905, upon insistence from both cowmen and the Humane Society, Texas passed legislation prohibiting steer roping by ". . . persons engaged in such roping contest, for any money or prize of any

*Looking larger than she was in life because of the camera angle, Mabel Strickland ballets the fact that she has roped and tied her steer at Pendleton, Oregon, 1925. Petite, dainty, and altogether feminine, Mabel added an ineffable quality to the truly big contests of the 1920s as a trick rider, roper, and all-around handywoman in this essentially masculine performance.*

*Pronounced* Bray-muh *or similar, by most westerners, and spelled* Brahman *by purists, the epitome of* Bos indicus *just rolls around in his hide to the discomfort of his rider.*

XUM

character, or for any championship, for anything of value, or upon the result of which, any money or anything of value is bet or wagered."

Since the law was never strictly enforced, a few such contests are still held today in Texas. One notable roping, called a "Steer Branding," is put on annually at San Angelo, perhaps in memory of Carroll and McGonigal, although executives of the San Angelo Fat Stock Show and Rodeo Association, sponsor of the branding, have acknowledged no connection.

STEER ROPING, or steer "busting" or "jerking" as it was also known, has been emphasized since it was both an authentic range chore and a colorful fairgrounds show. (After it was partially outlawed, many localities in Texas and New Mexico renamed it "fairgrounding.") It was a classic event, and other roping contests seen today are derived from single-handed steer roping. They are team steer tie-down roping, team steer dally roping, steer stopping, steer facing, calf roping, goat roping, and break-away roping.

Saddle bronc riding, from which came bareback riding, is the other classic event that was borrowed from ranch and range, and enlarged into a boisterous fixture of early tournaments and up-to-date rodeos.

In the old days there were no chutes or pens, and broncs were saddled and ridden on open infields. They were either "eared down," blindfolded, or "lipped down" with a twitch or by a determined cowboy's teeth set in a strong jaw. After the saddle was cinched tight and the rider had mounted, the blindfold and any other hampering holds were released and the horse broke in two, "tryin' to chin the moon," as the riders used to say. The horse was ridden until, exhausted, it could pitch no more or until it had bucked down the rider. The whole affair was grueling on both human being and animal. (Current rodeo rules state: "Length of ride may be 8 or 10 seconds. Choice is the stock contractor's, based on the size of the arena.")

Steamboat was the first American bronc to gain a reputation. He was foaled around 1900 on the Two Bar Ranch in Wyoming. Three years later, when that colt crop was broken to ride, Steamboat proved unbreakable and unmanageable, a "jugheaded renegade," even to bronc peelers who came from all over the state to try to master the misfit. But bad horses are good horses in the rodeo game, and in 1905 he was purchased by C. B. Irwin, one of the first nationally-known rodeo producers. He was bucked at the Cheyenne Frontier Days four consecutive years without being ridden, until in 1908 Dick Stanley fitted a championship ride to the plunging Steamboat.

Bucking horses are athletes just as much as the cowboys that ride them. Their antics vary. Some are high jumpers, rollers, spinners, and head rooters. Some horses paw the air,

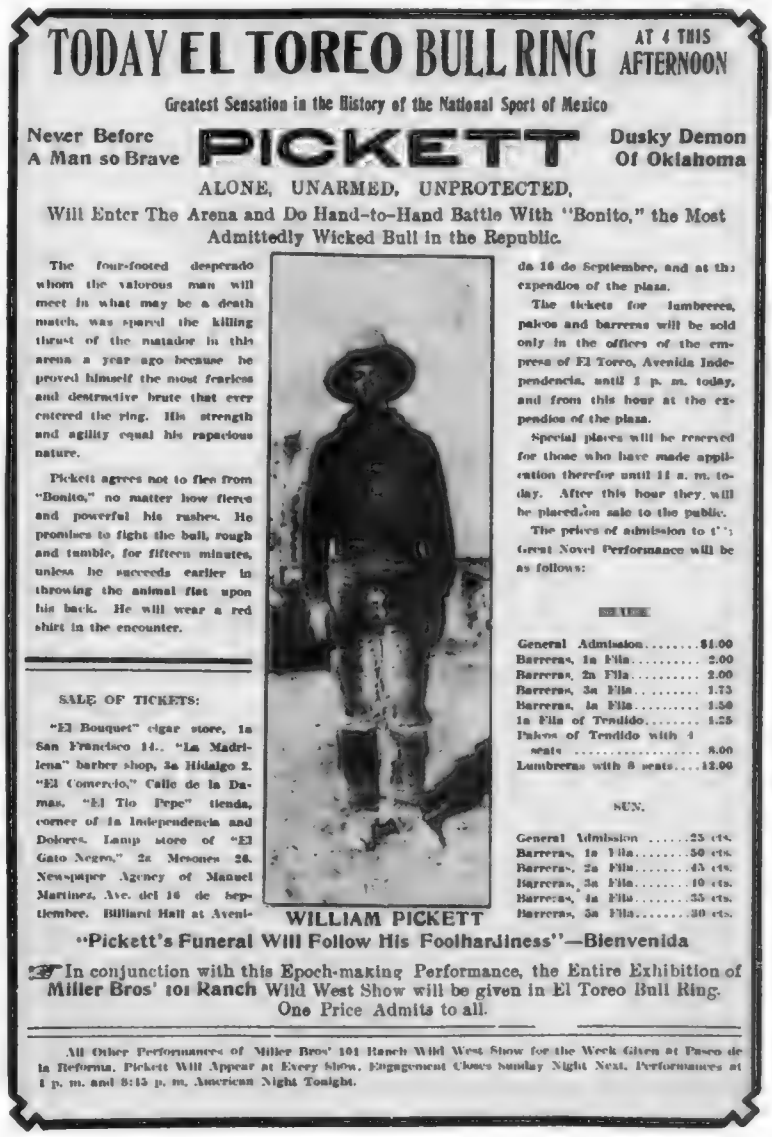
*This group of contestants at the Seattle Yukon Exposition, 1909, is most notable for the second figure from the left. A French-Canadian-Italian "dude" from the East, he had been hired by the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch in 1904. Now he was riding into legend as Tom Mix.*

while others rear over backwards, a habit that, if continued, results in ostracism from the bucking herd. Other horses are high kickers, sun fishers, and a few race out of a chute for a few yards, sink their hooves into the sod, and, stiff-legged, jump straight into the air, much to the discouragement of the fellow who is trying to win a few dollars to feed his family. Often a horse will acquire a combination of these maneuvers, commit them to memory, and improve upon them with age.

Probably the most renowned of all the broncs was Midnight, foaled on Jim McNab's Cottonwood Ranch of southern Alberta, Canada, about 1915, and later owned by stock contractors Verne Elliott and Eddie McCarty. Some say that Midnight was bucked out of the chutes one thousand times and was only successfully ridden thirteen times. When he

*Continued on page 61*

COURTESY OF RONNIE C. TYLER



TODAY EL TOREO BULL RING AT 4 THIS AFTERNOON

Greatest Sensation in the History of the National Sport of Mexico

Never Before A Man so Brave **PICKETT** Dusky Demon Of Oklahoma

ALONE, UNARMED, UNPROTECTED,

Will Enter The Arena and Do Hand-to-Hand Battle With "Bonito," the Most Admittedly Wicked Bull in the Republic.

The four-footed desperado whom the valorous man will meet in what may be a death match, was spared the killing thrust of the matador in this arena a year ago because he proved himself the most fearless and destructive brute that ever entered the ring. His strength and agility equal his rapacious nature.

Pickett agrees not to flee from "Bonito," no matter how fierce and powerful his rushes. He promises to fight the bull, rough and tumble, for fifteen minutes, unless he succeeds earlier in throwing the animal flat upon his back. He will wear a red shirt in the encounter.

SALE OF TICKETS:

"El Bouquet" cigar store, 1a San Francisco 14.. "La Madrilena" barber shop, 2a Hidalgo 2. "El Comercio," Calle de la Damas. "El Tio Pepe" tienda, corner of 1a Independencia and Dolores. Lamp store of "El Gato Negro," 2a Mesones 26. Newspaper Agency of Manuel Martinez, Ave. del 16 de Septiembre. Billiard Hall at Avenida 16 de Septiembre, and at the expendios of the plaza.

The tickets for lumbreras, palcos and barreras will be sold only in the offices of the empresa of El Toreo, Avenida Independencia, until 1 p. m. today, and from this hour at the expendios of the plaza.

Special places will be reserved for those who have made application therefor until 11 a. m. today. After this hour they will be placed on sale to the public.

The prices of admission to the Great Novel Performance will be as follows:

SOL.

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| General Admission | $1.00 |
| Barreras, 1a Fila | 2.00 |
| Barreras, 2a Fila | 2.00 |
| Barreras, 3a Fila | 1.75 |
| Barreras, 4a Fila | 1.50 |
| 1a Fila of Tendido | 1.25 |
| Palcos of Tendido with 4 seats | 8.00 |
| Lumbreras with 8 seats | 12.00 |

SUN.

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| General Admission | 25 cts. |
| Barreras, 1a Fila | 50 cts. |
| Barreras, 2a Fila | 45 cts. |
| Barreras, 3a Fila | 40 cts. |
| Barreras, 4a Fila | 35 cts. |
| Barreras, 5a Fila | 30 cts. |

WILLIAM PICKETT

"Pickett's Funeral Will Follow His Foolhardiness"—Bienvenida

In conjunction with this Epoch-making Performance, the Entire Exhibition of Miller Bros' 101 Ranch Wild West Show will be given in El Toreo Bull Ring. One Price Admits to all.

All Other Performances of Miller Bros' 101 Ranch Wild West Show for the Week Given at Paseo de la Reforma. Pickett Will Appear at Every Show. Engagement Closes Sunday Night Next. Performances at 4 p. m. and 8:15 p. m. American Night Tonight.

***More Choctaw than either black or white, Bill Pickett (at right) was, in Zack Miller's words, "the greatest sweat-and-dirt cowhand that ever lived—bar none." Whether the bull was the "Bonito" of this poster or one named "Chiquito Frijole" because of his oddly speckled hide, is immaterial. Pickett maintained "direct physical contact" with him for five minutes, and it took a detachment of Rurales to bring the imbroglio to a reasonably amicable conclusion.***

***Taken at Phoenix, Arizona, in 1905—three years before his Mexican adventure—the photo below would seem to prove that Pickett did bite his beasts, bulldog fashion.***

XUM

**A Matter of Opinion**

# Reclamation: A Rejoinder and a Footnote

*In view of a bill, just introduced in the House of Representatives, which would guarantee the enforcement of Reclamation Law, we present herewith a statement by Paul S. Taylor, with pertinent comments by Associate Editor T. H. Watkins.*

William W. Porter's carefully prepared "In Reply" (THE AMERICAN WEST, January 1971) to my "Reclamation: The Rise and Fall of an American Idea" (THE AMERICAN WEST, July 1970) merits a considered rejoinder, necessarily brief but covering at least its main points.

*Criticism No. 1:* "Whether it be on land, the New York Stock Exchange, or the church bingo game," what is wrong with speculation?

*Answer:* The speculation that federal acreage limitation controls is none of these; it controls private speculation in public investment to develop public waters. As the Supreme Court points out, the law "prevents the use of the reclamation service for speculative purposes" to insure distribution of the benefits from reclamation "in accordance with the greatest good to the greatest number of individuals" (357 U. S. at 297). A distinguished secretary of the interior, Harold L. Ickes, described the issue as "the age-old battle over who is to cash in on the unearned increment in land values created by a public investment" and over a law that "prevents speculation . . . by the few."

*Criticism No. 2:* Acreage limitation "invokes the un-American principle of entailment," working a "hardship" on the "160-acre owner."

*Answer:* Neither Congress nor the Supreme Court have regarded acreage limitation as "un-American" in principle or practice, nor as a "hardship" on the smaller landowner. Congress has reaffirmed the law repeatedly, and the Supreme Court has upheld it unanimously. Large landowners seeking windfall profits attack the law; small owners take to the courts to uphold and enforce it.

*Criticism No. 3:* Criticism of acreage limitation is confirmed by the Public Land Law Review Commission, which describes the law as an "artificial and obsolete" restraint today, when "modern labor-saving machinery is costly and must be applied to larger acreage in order to achieve reduction in unit costs."

*Answer:* Use of large and costly machinery does not depend upon large-scale landownership. Its use on numerous small acreages through leasing and cooperative ownership is commonplace in American agriculture today and has been for more than a century. As for the conclusions of the Public Land Law Review Commission from its false premise to the contrary, *Life* Magazine recently reviewed them under the unflattering title, "Our Public Lands Up for Grabs" (January 1971). The *San Francisco Chronicle* and *New York Times* were similarly unenthusiastic.

*Criticism No. 4:* "It is not necessary to assume that people who owned more than 160 acres were evil."

*Answer:* I made no such generalization. The issue is not large ownerships per se, but whether ownership of large acreages of thirsty land entitles these owners to equally large shares of public water brought to them at public expense. It is estimated that public subsidy to bring water to thirsty land ranges from $600 to $2,000 an acre, unrepaid to the public treasury. The Bureau of Reclamation has testified to Congress that landowners in the southern San Joaquin Valley are given, for $3.50 an acre-foot, public water that would cost them $14, or four times that amount, if subsidies and special benefits available to them under reclamation law were eliminated (Senate Public Lands Subcommittee hearings on S. 912, p. 869 [1947]).

From the beginning, some have viewed reclamation as a program to make the rich richer (e.g., 35 Cong. Rec. 6685 [1902]). Others, among them Harrison Gray Otis of the *Los Angeles Times*, have said its true intent was to provide "land for the landless" (National Irrigation Congress Proceedings, 1900, p. 242).

Paul S. Taylor
*Professor emeritus of economics*
*University of California, Berkeley*

Whether one agrees with the 160-acre limitations of Reclamation Law or not, one thing is abundantly clear: for nearly seventy years, the enforcement of the limitation provisions has continued in a moribund condition. It is one of the oldest unenforced laws on the federal books. A potential solution to this ambiguous state of affairs has recently been introduced as a bill (HR 5236) to the House of Representatives by Congressman Robert Kastenmeier (Wisconsin) with the support of Congressman Jerome Waldie (California), among others. Providing for the government purchase of "excess" lands—in

*Continued on page 59*

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*This page,* A MATTER OF OPINION, *is provided as an open forum. Contributions are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

# Navajo Roundup

REVIEWED BY RICHARD H. DILLON

LAWRENCE KELLY'S STUDY of the "Long Walk" to Bosque Redondo and the events leading up to it shows not only excellent organization and interpretation of the data already available on the subject, but also most impressive research, discovery, and reinterpretation as a result of his newly-found material.

**Navajo Roundup** by Lawrence Kelly *(Pruett Publishing, Boulder, Colo., 1970; 192 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., appen., $8.95).*

Kelly, a young history professor at North Texas State University in Denton, has rummaged and ransacked the Old Army section of the National Archives like Sherlock Holmes in a flea market run by Professor Moriarity. And he has made excellent use of his findings.

This is a bigger book than its page-count suggests. Much of the text is composed of the original letters of Carson et al. in a type so small that over-forty, bespectacled readers may find the font tiring. Kelly's own narration, the connective tissue between quoted documents, is in larger face and is more readable. Most important, one can get the main thread of the story simply by reading the author's own abstracted, epitomized account. There is a natural redundancy, of course, but he has done his work so skillfully that the repetition is not tedious. He is succinct and paraphrases nicely.

Thus, the book can be used as a research tool, pure and simple, for the extraction of facts, dates, names, and quotes. But it can also be read, and on two different levels, for an understanding of the Navajo War. This will help the public to understand better what popular western historians usually oversimplify into a kind of trans-Mississippi Trail of Tears.

Kelly has turned up lots of new information. Over and over, he proves that Kit Carson was a most reluctant campaigner, always threatening to resign and go home to *mamá* and the kids in Taos. Small wonder. What a gaggle of ignorant, incompetent, brawling, and drunken junior officers was inflicted on Colonel Carson! Only a handful of the 1st New Mexico Volunteers was worth a damn, men like Albert H. Pfeiffer and A. B. Carey. The rest should have been booted out long before they were eventually cashiered for a whole catalog of ills.

The new details that Kelly has developed add much depth to the Navajo War story. That Carson lost only one officer to enemy action but a half dozen or more for delinquent behavior is not just curiosa; it makes more impressive the success of his campaign with such a small force against so many Navajos in their home territory. Kelly's pointing out the importance of Delgadito in bringing about the mass surrender of the Navajos is most important, while his identification of the "culprit" (under orders) who really destroyed the Cañón de Chelly peach trees —Captain John Thompson, not Carson —is perhaps not important, but at least it clears the record.

And, of course, there was no mass butchery of Navajos by soldiers or vice versa. The war was very much a guerrilla campaign in which Carleton chose superbly when he picked Kit Carson. Rightly, he called him a "partizan." It was not the killing of a handful of warriors that brought the Navajos in, it was a skillful (if sad) combination of carrot and stick—a scorched-earth policy and harrying of Navajo bands, accompanied by Carson's promise of peace, food, and clothing at the reservation.

The Navajos trusted him, with good reason, so they capitulated. There were many deaths on the Long Walk, but from cold or hunger or exposure, not from the brutality of soldiers. The Long Walk was no Bataan Death March. Soldiers escorting the prisoners were on short rations, because their food was going to captives. Unfortunately, Carleton badly estimated the number of Navajos and the food and clothing needed for them in winter. The utter inadequacy of Bosque Redondo as a genuine reservation—it became more of a concentration camp in the modern sense—was not army cruelty but the usual civil-military bungling of Indian affairs, obvious from the start when they lumped together Navajos and Mescaleros on the alien bank of the Pecos.

The wonder is that the misguided "solution" of the Navajo problem worked as well as it did—that is, that it ended the raids of the *Diné* on herds and hamlets, did not decimate the tribe in combat, convinced them that the road of peace was the better, and even put an end to the slaving of Navajos by Utes and New Mexicans. This is important because there so much hogwash decanted these days about the government's "genocidal" policies on the frontier.

There is always a grain of truth in this accusation, to be sure, but there is a surfeit of detail in this book alone to show that the charge is basically a fraud. It is most true in the case of the Mescalero Apaches, when Carleton, furious at treachery and broken promises (theirs, not his), lost his reason and sent a confidential communique to Carson, giving him no-quarter orders which he could not follow: "All Indian men of that tribe are to be killed whenever and wherever you can find them; the women and children will not be harmed, but you will take them prisoners and feed them at Fort Stanton."

The Navajo roundup is neither a pleasant story nor a simple one. But the country's mishandling of its so-called Indian problem was probably less gross here than in any other program of pacification. (Contrast it with the Lava Beds or Wounded Knee and compare the status of the Navajo nation today with the Modocs or even the Sioux.) Lawrence Kelly is to be commended for assembling and interpreting this documentary account.

**Richard H. Dillon** *is head librarian of the Sutro Library, San Francisco.*



XUM

# Indian Painters and White Patrons

REVIEWED BY JOHN C. EWERS

IN THIS handsomely illustrated volume the curator of the Maxwell Museum of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico critically examines the contention of Dorothy Dunn and earlier writers that the precisely drawn and flatly colored pictures produced for sale by twentieth-century Indian artists should be regarded as examples of traditional Indian art. He concludes that modern, secular Indian painting has only a "minimal relationship in both form and content to aboriginal pictorial modes, and no relationship whatever to aboriginal pictorial functions."

**Indian Painters and White Patrons** by J. J. Brody *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1971; 238 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., appen., index, $15.00).*

He prefers to view the modern Indian artist as "a performer, working from a script written by Whites" and recommends that the Indian artist enter the mainstream of international art in order to free himself of this white-imposed restriction upon his creativity.

Brody's rapid review of the history of Indian art in North America from prehistoric times through the nineteenth century reveals well-defined traditions of pictorial art only among the tribes of the Southwest and the Great Plains. In the Southwest this tradition was religious rather than secular. It found expression in the kiva murals of the Pueblos and the sand paintings of the Navaho. Not until the early decades of the present century was the creation of secular paintings tolerated in the conservative pueblos. And not until Navaho artists received off-reservation training at the Santa Fe Indian School under Dorothy Dunn in the 1930s did the Navaho begin to produce secular paintings. Brody presents a strong case for the non-traditional character of twentieth-century secular Indian painting among the Southwest tribes.

He appears to be on less firm ground in his judgments of Plains Indian painting. Both the semisedentary and nomadic tribes of the plains had a lively tradition of secular painting as far back as the period of initial white contact with those tribes. Successful warriors recorded their war honors in simple pictographs on the inner surfaces of the buffalo robes they wore as outer garments. Many examples of these paintings executed prior to 1870 are preserved in museums in this country and abroad. The only example of this painting Brody illustrates is of a later date, by a Kiowa artist who was still living in the 1930s.

A major modification in the Plains Indian tradition occurred as early as the middle decades of the nineteenth century, when white artists, seeking to encourage Indian art, furnished paper, pencils, and colors to Indian artists whom they asked to make pictures for them. The Indians' work in this strange medium reflected their pale-faced artist friends' concern for realism and detail. The artists' lead was followed by traders, missionaries, army officers and other whites who had first-hand contacts with Plains Indians. Under white encouragement Indian drawings on paper soon came to include hunting and courting scenes, dances, and religious ceremonies, and to move in the direction of a Plains Indian genre. As early as the 1870s hundreds of these pictures were created for sale by Plains Indian prisoners at Fort Marion, Florida. Many of their works were nostalgic memories of the free life on the plains.

I believe a good case can be made for viewing the works of the five Kiowa boys and other Plains Indian artists in the 1920s and '30s as a continuation and further modification of this painting tradition. Their motives for creating salable pictures were little less pure than those of their late nineteenth-century predecessors. They were less naive in their composition, perspective, and relative scale, but surely one must not expect a tradition of secular art to remain static. As for content, they pictured the dances in which they participated as well as nostalgic and idealistic themes of tribal life in earlier days with which they had some familiarity through the stories of their grandparents. Doubtless their efforts were encouraged by Indian artists of the 1880s who were still living.

From a Plains Indian viewpoint it may be significant that the Institute of American Indian Arts at Santa Fe, which encouraged a complete break with the past in Indian pictorial art, was not established until 1962. By that time the Indians who possessed lively memories of buffalo days were dead. Indian youths had lost their living links with their nomadic past. Brody approves, without reservation, the new institute's avowed goal of bringing Indian art into the mainstream of international art, an art so beset by a multiplicity of *isms* that its mainstream may be difficult to locate. He shows few examples of this new Indian art and asserts that it is too soon to appraise the Indians' progress in the movement. At the same time he lists more than 180 "significant" American Indian painters of the pre-1962 period.

Let us hope that those Indian artists who choose to enter the turbulent mainstream can make headway through its many shifting crosscurrents, so that their contributions may also be recognized as "significant."

**John C. Ewers** *is senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution, and a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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# Dear Lady: The Letters of Frederick Jackson Turner and Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper

REVIEWED BY OWEN ULPH

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER needs no introduction to western scholars. Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper is less well known. She was a Bostonian, the prototype of a heroine of a Henry James novel—a woman who took a dim view of ossified Back Bay society but who, nevertheless, belonged to it. She was the granddaughter of James Handasyd Perkins, whose celebrated work, *Annals of the West,* was first published in 1846. Her father was Charles Elliot Perkins, who served as president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad for twenty years. On her maternal side, she was related to another railroad magnate, John Murray Forbes. In 1895 Alice Forbes Perkins married William Hooper, treasurer of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, referred to throughout this impeccably proper correspondence as "The Squire."

**Dear Lady: The Letters of Frederick Jackson Turner and Alice Forbes Perkins Hooper** edited by Ray Allen Billington *(The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., 1970; 487 pp., index, $10.00).*

In the nineteenth century, railroads were more prosperous than now, but even today there are some of us who would not refuse one as a gift. Anyway, Alice F. P. Hooper was cursed with a malignant Midas touch, and in order to relieve some of the pain her swelling fortunes imposed on her purse, she engaged in charitable "industries," one of which was to attempt to endow a Harvard Commission on Western History. It was this enterprise that brought her the friendship of Frederick Jackson Turner and led to the long exchange of correspondence that Ray Allen Billington has edited and presented to connoisseurs of western history with considerable skill and technique.

Although Turner was a provocative and stimulating scholar, he was what tedious pedants describe as "a historian's historian." This fact, coupled with a glance at the formal and sometimes antediluvian style of the correspondence, aroused mild misgivings at the prospect of wading through inquiries and responses to the state of The Squire's health. My fears proved groundless, however, and as for the ailing Squire, he managed to outlive the healthy Turner by five months.

The account of the Turner-Hooper efforts to prod the Harvard Establishment into supporting the western studies project is simultaneously fascinating and horrifying. This sordid tale, as revealed with a sort of Sophoclean intensity through the correspondence and made lucidly explicit in Billington's excellent sixty-five-page introduction, should be required reading for all donors contemplating gifts to educational institutions and for all scholarly crusaders preparing to devote their lives to the purifying enterprise of academic research.

The Harvard nabobs weren't really interested in the neanderthal West at all, but financially plush Mrs. Hooper, as a potential angel for the institution, had to be tactfully hoodwinked and scuttled. Professor Turner and Mrs. Hooper waged a heroic struggle to prevent their worthy project from ultimate sabotage. They lost. One of the villains was Harvard President A. Russell Lowell. But there were others. The pettiness, duplicity, and outright humbuggery makes pleasant reading for a confirmed cynic. Particularly revolting were the malicious intrigues and parochial jealousies of politically ambitious provincial amateurs who opposed what they described as Turner's attempt to "raid" local sources when all Turner was doing was attempting to gather valuable materials that otherwise might have been lost.

Sometimes the acquisition of such historical materials attains the dramatic undertones of a spy thriller—as in the adventure of wresting books and documents on the history of the Mormon settlement from the eager clutches of the elders of the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Despite Mrs. Hooper's gradual disillusionment and Turner's stoical resignation, neither they nor Billington "lose their cool," and the reader should be wary of inferring that *Dear Lady* is wanting in decorum from the tone of


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this review. The book is tastefully Bostonian and soberly academic. Indeed, it has what must be considered a "happy ending," demonstrating that out of much evil cometh good.

Another great merit of the correspondence is the profile provided of Frederick Jackson Turner. There are frequent opportunities to become acquainted with his personal views, attitudes, and responses to the prominent issues and men of his day. The book is a commendable contribution to the portrait of a great western scholar and humanist.

**Owen Ulph,** *professor of history at Reed College, Portland, Oregon, is a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

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**Restless Strangers: Nevada's Immigrants and Their Interpreters** by Wilbur S. Shepperson *(University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1970, $7.00).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD G. LILLARD

THIS BOOK is a vivid reminder that "American" frontiersmen were often immigrants fresh from distant lands, foreigners headed for the western mining camps as directly as for the eastern industrial cities. They were among the earliest Washoe pioneers; sometimes they were the first to discover a vein, and it was the native Americans who followed *them*. For a vast number of old-stock Americans from farms and villages east of the Rockies, western mining towns were the initial contact with a dynamic, polyglot, and sophisticated population.

Nevada was long the state with the highest proportion of immigrants. Once the Comstock mines caught the world's attention, says Shepperson, Nevada "almost immediately became one of the most diverse and colorful immigrant locales in the United States." Within five years the territory drew immigrants from five continents and twenty countries.

Nevada's history, like California's, rides on wave after wave of foreigners —Mexican, Irish, Cornish, German, Jewish, French-Canadian, Chinese, Greek, Slav, Italian, Basque, Japanese. They came, as most immigrants have come to America, for jobs, material success, and ownership of property. They were willing to be frugal, and they were persistent. In Shepperson's opinion the foreign born "were indispensable to the very existence of Nevada and much of the Far West, and were in part responsible for transforming it into a leading economic and political part of the United States." They entered into all levels of Nevada life in all parts of the state, and often they hung on in declining towns after the native Americans had already rushed on to the next boom.

As Shepperson's central section, "Newspaper Themes," makes freshly clear, many immigrants ran into little or no xenophobia or malicious prejudice. Journalists gave generous space to the humor of ethnic speech and manners; to colorful immigrants, both male and female, including criminals and prostitutes; and to genial hoaxes or vicious outrages inflicted on newcomers. From time to time, here and there, in Reno, Ely, Eureka, or Tonopah, there were racist campaigns and lethal attacks directed at the French, the Chinese, the Slavs, or the Japanese. There were conflicts between groups, notably between the Irish and the Cornish. Numerous immigrants, caught in an immensity of space, suffered from isolation, uncertainty, and failure. Some went to pieces mentally, and some killed themselves in desperation.

Shepperson illustrates all these aspects of American immigration with a bonanza of specific Nevada examples drawn from newspapers. He has read through a prodigious number of bulky files covering the past eleven decades. He has properly drawn on census enumerators' reports, on historical materials, and on 522 interviews he held with immigrants during the early 1960s. Like a good interdisciplinary scholar, he undertakes to tie in the contents of a lengthy shelf of short stories and novels, many of them mediocre. Indeed, as if compelled to round out a definitive, annotated bibliography, Shepperson mentions far too many weak novels, minor non-fiction works, and mug books that add nothing to his central presentation.

His early generalizing chapters are his best. As he gets into the "interpreters," he becomes repetitive and local. The book ends with a chapter, "The Frustrated and the Fulfilled," that needlessly recapitulates all he has been saying at too great length. Though the book is structurally shaky and overdetailed, it is important for its insights and is packed with human interest.

**Richard G. Lillard** *is professor of American Studies and English at California State College, Los Angeles.*

**Last Rig to Battle Mountain** by Walt Wilhelm with a foreword by Erle Stanley Gardner *(William Morrow & Co., New York, 1970; 308 pp., maps, photos, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY RUSS LEADABRAND

THE ODYSSEY of youth holds peculiar charms for elders; looking back is always sweeter.

So when Walt Wilhelm, now a seventy-seven-year-old Californian living in the Mojave Desert that he knows and loves, recalls his youth—his uncommon youth in a covered wagon with his family of nine, making the rounds of the boomtowns at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one—we have an adventure born of happy recollection and a lore that has vanished.

The hero of Wilhelm's book is not himself, though you feel his presence on every page and learn to know him by the end of the narrative. The champion of *Last Rig* was his father, Sherman Wilhelm, who in 1896, with wife and three small children, left the sanctuary of Trenton, Missouri, for the West. Four more children were born during their extended travels.

There were periods, none of them very long, when the Wilhelms lived in structures that weren't on wheels. These were the times when the father was grubbing for gold and silver in Colorado and Nevada. But most of the time they were on the move, in a snug ship of a wagon, complete with cupboards, larders, and every comfort of primitive living an inventive Sherman Wilhelm and his patient wife could devise.

Wilhelm's attitude toward his father is one of frank love and admiration. He tells of his father's skill at horsemanship, woodcraft, wagoncraft, dealing with surly Indians, mining, living off the land, hunting, fishing, making do with dry land and little water. Sherman Wilhelm comes through slightly larger than life, as indeed he must have been to survive in those days when the next horseman you met on the lonely trail might be a gun-happy bandit, or a white-hating Indian, or a kindly prospector hungry for the sight of another human after a dozen months in the lonesome.

There is joyous reading here for the armchair adventurer, whatever his age. Everyone will identify with young Wilhelm as he hunts game birds, fashions snares and traps, fishes and swims, plays with Indian children, and grows up in a world that not many children then or now could know. The drifter child was a product of the land, and he kept what he learned with him all his life. Walt Wilhelm must be that way, for he still dabbles in archaeology, desert lore, and prospecting, and he loves the land—something his father taught him.

There is solid history here, of places like early Bodie and Virginia City and Battle Mountain and Jarbidge—some of these places have long since ghosted. Only people such as Walt Wilhelm can tell us what they were once like, in their glory days.

It is a solid book, one made remarkable by Walt Wilhelm's vivid memory after these many years. The book has particular charm for me, for I have traveled many of those same trails. Some of the country is just as glorious as it was when Walt Wilhelm, a boy with eyes wide with wonder, first saw the incredible West and fell in love with it.

**Russ Leadabrand** *is a western writer and book editor in Pasadena, California.*

**First Mail West: Stagecoach Lines on the Santa Fe Trail** by Morris F. Taylor *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1971; 253 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.00).*

REVIEWED BY STANLEY R. DAVISON

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE that the stagecoach lines, usually subsidized by United States mail contracts, expanded widely as the West was settled, then collapsed even more rapidly when railroads were built into the frontier. But the details still make interesting reading. Details are what we have here—about one region's stage companies, their ownership and management, and their problems with weather, bad roads, hostile Indians, and finances.

Intensive use of sources, which are not always abundant, has brought out much factual information. One learns that instead of picturesque Concord coaches, the vehicles often were wagons, drawn not by galloping horses but by trotting mules. (Later, terms of mail-carrying contracts were changed to permit the use of leather-sprung coaches.) Unconventional harnessing patterns are


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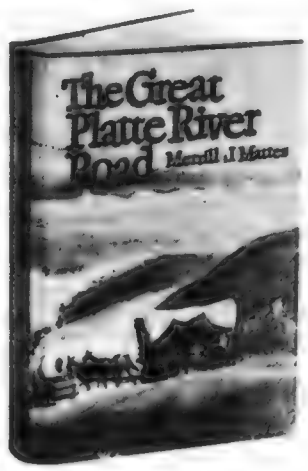


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described—three or even four animals abreast in the lead, with a single pair at the wheels. The practice of traveling at night, even in the face of storms, floods, and Indian alarms, is also noted.

But many details remain undiscovered, leaving the author to rely on inferences and suppositions, as he freely acknowledges. Matters of substantiated fact are fully supported with textual citations and footnotes, but the author follows the beastly practice of burying these notes in an appendix. This is regrettable, as the notes are worth reading, both for the references and for their informational value.

The concluding chapter is an epilogue, useful as a summary but equally so as an abstract, which could be read beneficially in advance. However, this need is met by a long and meaty introduction, relating the opening of the Santa Fe trade and the events of the forties that led to the sudden demand for mail service. The chief concern is with the western end of the Santa Fe trail, with considerable interest in the gold-mining towns of Colorado when that region opened around 1860. The tale ends as the transcontinental railroads force the stage lines away from Santa Fe and Denver, leaving only the short, unconnected routes serving scattered mining towns in the mountains.

Postal history buffs will want to read this account, but it is not primarily about the mail service. The emphasis is on stage operators as such, rather than as carriers of the mail. Although references to routes and contracts appear frequently, they are usually incidental to the other business of the firms. This is not a collection of anecdotes about lost mail sacks, primitive post offices, and eccentric postmasters. Little is said of the frauds making up the Star Route scandals of the time.

Many readers may not wish to know this much about staging into Old Santa Fe, but there are enough enthusiasts in the fields of transportation and Southwest history to assure a large number of pleased customers.

**Stanley R. Davison,** *professor of history at Western Montana College, Dillon, is currently working on a postal history of territorial Montana.*

## Leland Stanford: Man of Many Careers

REVIEWED BY RICHARD REINHARDT

LELAND STANFORD—politician, railroad builder, and philanthropist—is remembered as widely today as any Californian of the last century; yet the image evoked by his name is dull and unappealing—a crude, black-and-white caricature of a typical robber baron, as drawn with varying degrees of contempt by Ambrose Bierce, Gustavus Myers, Matthew Josephson, Stewart Holbrook, and Oscar Lewis.

**Leland Stanford: Man of Many Careers** by Norman E. Tutorow *(Pacific Coast Publishers, Menlo Park, Calif., 1971; 317 pp., illus., biblio., index, $9.95).*

In this common view, Stanford is merely an overstuffed, bumptious political opportunist who had the luck to throw his lot with an immensely successful gang of thieves headed by Collis P. Huntington and who, as a result of this stroke of fortune, became one of the richest men of his day, the ogre-king of a vast empire, the proprietor of the most elaborate private residence in America, and the prototype of hundreds of parvenu Yankee millionaires who amused their contemporaries and embarrassed their descendants by assuming lofty pretensions of culture after making a few trips to Europe on the famous continental Grand Tour.

This simple picture is blurred by a conflicting image of Stanford as the university builder, the public servant, the self-made success—an image that his wife and friends promulgated after his death and succeeded in limning in bronze intaglio and Venetian mosaic all over the walls of Stanford University.

Naturally, the two pictures do not jibe. Modern cynics, suspecting that the more attractive image is a fraud, have put it out of their minds, accepting the stereotype of a greedy capitalist and forgetting the memory of a creative citizen.

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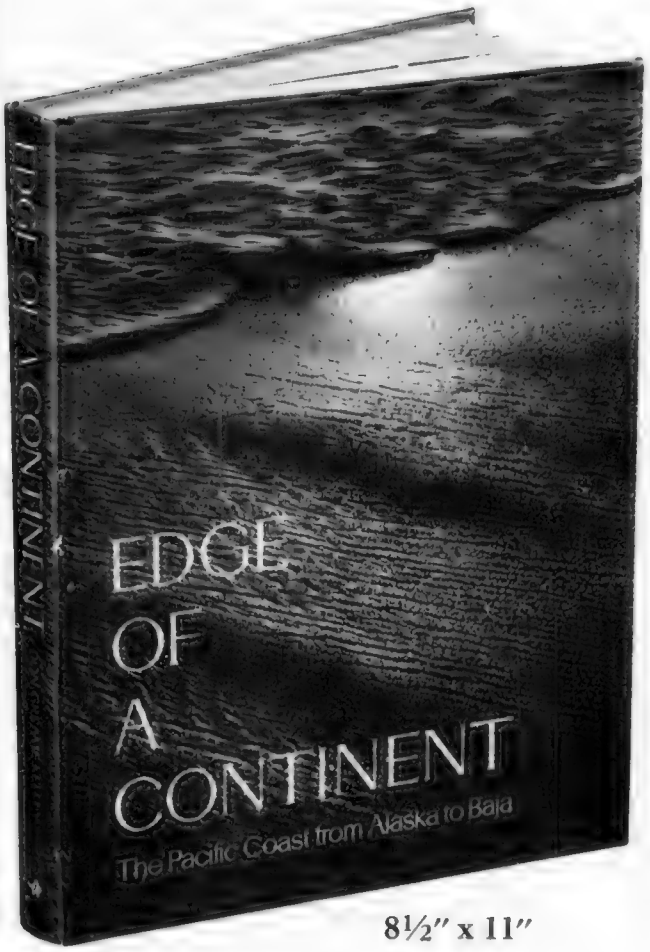


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himself a graduate of Stanford University, does not attempt to reinforce or demolish either of the irreconcilable views of Stanford's character. Instead, he tries to add explicit details to the sketchy portrait. By sticking to the known facts, he succeeds in presenting a clearer impression than anyone has done before of an important public figure and his accomplishments.

Stanford emerges as a man of ambition, persistence, and tact. Above all, he is gifted with a practical ability to find the most advantageous use of his own talents in every situation. As a young businessman, entering politics as a member of the nascent Republican Party, he impresses the Unionists of California not with his brilliance but with his earnest solidity. He becomes the Civil War governor of a crucial state simply because he seems to come closer than anyone else on the scene to expressing the voters' existing sentiments. Later, as president and figurehead of the Central Pacific Railroad, he not only promotes legislation favorable to the builders but also devises the "Contract and Finance Company" (a counterpart to the Union Pacific's Credit Mobilier), the mechanism with which the directors of the railroad milk fabulous profits from construction contracts.

Still later, it is Stanford, with his stately bearing and bland, avuncular manners, who acts as public relations man for the Big Four while they wrap up financial control of the Pacific Coast. Dressed in white, beady-eyed and perspiring, he appears in the paint shop at the Central Pacific yards to expound the company's philosophies, politics, and beneficence, while thousands of employees cheer in rapture.

As the subtitle of the book implies, Dr. Tutorow deals extensively with Stanford's varied interests: his tripartite career in law, business, and politics; his international renown as a breeder and trainer of trotting horses; his patronage of Eadweard Muybridge in the photographic experiments that led to the development of motion pictures; his vineyards and wineries; his travels and art-collecting in Europe and the Near East; his magnificent endowment of Stanford University; his dabbling with spiritualism; his election and re-election to the United States Senate.

Examining the record calmly and even-handedly, Dr. Tutorow reaches the unassailable conclusion that Stanford was "a good man, but not a saint." Even that might be called a whitewash; but as Dr. Tutorow points out, no one has ever dredged up a personal scandal or villainy that would put Stanford in the company of Jay Gould or Daniel Drew.

"Stanford was essentially a practical man, a builder, a doer," Dr. Tutorow concludes. "One of his secrets of success was getting as much out of his potentialities as possible."

It is just possible that Dr. Tutorow has got as much out of the potentialities of Leland Stanford as the art of biography will allow. With all due respect, one might ask for a livelier, more graceful volume. The dead hand of the thesis writer lies heavily on some of the early pages. Still, it would be difficult for anyone to produce a book that did a better job of tying up loose strands, weighing conflicting evidence, and correcting erroneous statements that have been bruited as facts. Considering the vast amount of nonsense that has been written about the nabobs of the Pacific Coast, Dr. Tutorow's mature and cautious scholarship is indeed welcome: revisionism without passion, without prejudice, and with an ample supply of facts.

**Richard Reinhardt,** *a contributing editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is author of* Ashes of Smyrna *(1971).*

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**The Reluctant Farmer: The Rise of Agricultural Extension to 1914** by Roy V. Scott *(University of Illinois Press, Urbana, 1970; 362 pp., preface, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY GEORGE L. ANDERSON

PRESSURES from declining yields, plant and animal diseases, and rising costs of production forced the American farmer to realize that he needed better methods and made him willing—reluctantly—to accept "book learning." The history of this transition from traditional to more modern farming methods is presented in Professor Scott's detailed coverage of the contiguous forty-eight states from colonial times to 1914.

A product of many years of research in agricultural and educational history, this volume demonstrates Scott's competence as both a scholar and writer. His research involved the use of an impres-

sive list of manuscripts, government documents, farm journals, newspapers, books, and articles. For the general reader, it is a broad survey of the entire field of agricultural education, but for the more specialized student it is a basic point of departure and reference guide for further study.

The eleven chapters trace the influences of the agricultural societies, fairs, and institutes to the support given by railroads, bankers' associations, and agrarian protest movements.

Partly because of the very considerable attention accorded the role of Seaman Knapp in the South, there is a good deal of attention to demonstration agents and institutes for Negro farmers. The development of the county agent system and the enactment of the Smith-Lever law of 1914 complete the study.

One result of the broad scope of the book is quite limited coverage of some states, notably those in the western part of the country. The Pacific Coast and mountain states scarcely receive more than one index reference each. Understandably, the emphasis is on the southern states, Illinois, and Iowa.

In view of its excellent qualities, it is perhaps captious to draw attention to some shortcomings. Calling the roll of the states in several successive chapters tends to become tiresome and produces a considerable amount of repetition. There is no easy solution to this problem, and in view of his objective it is likely that the author has chosen the better course.

A more serious criticism is the very brief attention that is given to the state of Wisconsin and its College of Agriculture under the leadership of Dean Harry L. Russell. The College of Agriculture Collection in the University of Wisconsin Archives was used by Edward H. Beardsley in the preparation of his fine study entitled, *Harry L. Russell and Agricultural Science in Wisconsin.* Perhaps Beardsley's book appeared too late for inclusion in Professor Scott's bibliography, but use of the materials in Madison would have revealed Russell's very significant part in the enactment of the Smith-Lever law of 1914 by way of his official position in the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Extension Stations. The end result is that anyone who wishes to have the complete story will have to read the Russell study by Beardsley in addition to the volume by Scott.

Although it is unfair to criticize an author for not doing what he had not planned to do, a reviewer may be permitted to wonder if the products of the "folk process" of adaptation of crops and machines to different kinds of soils and climatic conditions might not have been examined in order to place the part played by governmental agencies in perspective. Certainly the history of agriculture in Kansas provides some interesting examples of dirt farmers solving their own special problems.

**George L. Anderson** *is professor of history at the University of Kansas.*

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**The Hoe and the Horse on the Plains: A Study of Cultural Development Among North American Indians** by Preston Holder *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1970; 175 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $6.95).*

REVIEWED BY PHILLIP S. HOLMGREN

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST brings a dimension to the study of the American Indian which the historian must incorporate into his own study if he is to be a student of Indian history. He divides his book into two major parts. After a general survey of the origin, location, and customs of the Plains Indian in general, he deals with the village way of life as practiced by the horticulturalist Indians. The central and northern Caddoan peoples are used to exemplify the life of the villagers.

In the other major part of his book Professor Holder concentrates on the nomadic tribes of the plains. Here he uses the Dakota or Sioux as the example of the equestrian bison hunters. The study centers on the inability of the horticulturalists and their village way of life to withstand the double onslaught of the Europeans and the horse.

Less attention is given to the more nomadic people, even though the author poses the question that the anthropologists may have glorified the less rigid way of life of the nomadic people. To the historian who concentrates his study on the nomadic tribes, the anthropologist appears to concentrate his efforts on the more sedentary and neglect the nomadic tribes.

So much of the book is a survey by nature and uses a semi-technical vocabulary that its value to the general reader might be limited. Its brevity permits only reference to customs and practices by name or at most a brief statement about them without giving the uninformed reader any understanding of the reference being made. An example is the reference to the Sacrifice of the Captive Virgin as a part of the fertility rituals of the Morning Star. Again, there are such brief allusions as, ". . . Blackbird rose to the position of Chief of the Omahas by the overt use of ingroup Sorcery" and ". . . this sedentary Siouan Chief is said to have resorted to the use of chemical poisons to maintain his position."

The paucity of detail on customs and rituals does permit Professor Holder to range over a much wider field and bring his reader to the major conclusions with a minimum of time and energy. To the general reader this may be a handicap, but to the student of the Plains Indian, it is a definite advantage. One of the really strong features of this work is the liberal use of footnotes directing the student of Indian life to works that go into more detail about the incident, custom, or ritual mentioned. This reviewer appreciates very much the placing of the footnotes at the bottom of the page on which they occur.

In this study Professor Holder discusses the life patterns of the Plains Indian, both sedentary horticulturalists and nomadic hunters, and how they were influenced by the horse and the gun. He reaches the conclusion that the more nomadic people were less affected by disease and, for a time at least, were able to adjust more rapidly to the changes that were taking place.

Any student of the Plains Indian will find reading this little book a rewarding experience. For those interested in more detailed treatment of things only mentioned, there are numerous suggestions for further study.

**Philip S. Holmgren** *is professor of history at Kearney State College, Kearney, Nebraska.*



XUM

**Union Pacific Country** by Robert G. Athearn *(Rand McNally, Chicago, 1971; 480 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY FRANCIS D. HAINES, JR.

PROFESSOR ATHEARN has undertaken a difficult task: writing a book on the Union Pacific which is a contribution to the field, not just another book on the railroad. He has succeeded admirably.

This work is primarily concerned with the country through which the railroad passed and the area it served during its first thirty years. Athearn presents the hopes and aspirations of the area as the line approached, the actuality of the coming of the rails and the reaction of the people to the railroad.

The counterpoint to this theme is the operation of the road and its attempts to build feeder lines to generate traffic. The results were a disappointment for both sides. The Union Pacific was always over-extended financially and the local communities suffered from a lack of capital. Even Brigham Young and the LDS leadership found their desire to cooperate with the road strained on many occasions. The detail in presenting this part of the story highlights the conflict and sharp hostility toward the UP in Colorado which was compounded by flaws on both sides.

The professional historian will find one area of disappointment. The Union Pacific's disposition of its land grant is not treated in an analytical fashion. The final sale of large tracts of land to the cattle companies as the road liquidated these holdings is well covered. The sale of lands to immigrants is discussed in a cursory fashion with most of the attention being devoted to the costs of the Land Department as opposed to the profits from the sale of lands.

Certainly Nebraska filled with settlers as the result of the coming of the railroad. One looks in vain for some suggestions as to average acreage of sales, terms of sale contracts and the numbers of persons settled through the activity of the railroad itself. This lack of statistical underpinning is felt by the author, who remarks that the social value of the railroad is immeasurable from the absence of such data. Inasmuch as the primary reason for the national subsidization and the principal anticipation of the Union Pacific country was the social value, this facet of the economics deserves a more thorough treatment within the author's framework.

This book is written with the clarity and humor, set on a solid foundation of research that characterizes the author's other works. Professor Athearn has graduated from the ranks of the promising young historians. This volume establishes him as one of the top historians of the American West.

**Francis D. Haines, Jr.,** *is professor of history at Southern Oregon College, Ashland.*

**The French Legation in Texas: Recognition, Rupture, and Reconciliation;** volume one. Translated and edited by Nancy Nichols Barker *(Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1971; 357 pp., intro., illus., $12.00).*

REVIEWED BY LAWRENCE R. MURPHY

FEW AMERICANS fully appreciate the delicate maneuvering or stodgy formality of international relations. Certainly our nineteenth-century forebears understood a president who met dignitaries in his carpet slippers better than a stuffy European who never appeared without high hat and tails. Thus in 1839, when France, a nation epitomizing aristocratic formality, commenced diplomatic relations with the Republic of Texas and sent a chargé d'affaires to Austin, conflicts inevitably arose. Their intensity is captured in a volume of documents which makes enjoyable reading and also contributes significantly to an understanding of Texas history.

The principal figure in Franco-Texas diplomacy, M. Dubois de Saligny, proved to have been an exceedingly unfortunate selection for such a delicate task. A patent liar, he altered his own name beyond recognition and misrepresented his age. Service at French legations in Hanover, Greece, and the United States should have prepared him for duty in Texas. But first on a reconnaissance mission and later as chargé d'affaires, he followed one indiscretion with another. He sent the French foreign minister lengthy descriptions of trips he never made, grossly exaggerated statistics, misconstrued political events, and altered dates to hide his laziness.

The most intriguing section of the book concerns the controversy between Dubois de Saligny and an Austin innkeeper over payment of a bill. Hostilities heightened when the Frenchman had several of the hotelman's swine "assassinated." The refusal of the Texas government to intervene on the chargé's behalf brought on an international crisis which drove Dubois de Saligny out of Austin and threatened to rupture relations between the two nations. Only after a lengthy stay in New Orleans did the diplomat sheepishly return to Texas.

Publication of the correspondence of the French legation in Texas resulted from the unified efforts of many individuals. Officials at the Austin Public Library first learned of the documents in the French archives and sought to have them microfilmed. With the cooperation of the French consul in Houston and foreign ministry officials in Paris, copies were obtained. Then Professor Nancy Barker, a European diplomatic historian at the University of Texas, selected, translated, edited, and prepared an introduction for this and a subsequent volume. The Texas State Historical Society contributed an appropriately dignified design.

Professor Barker's editorial efforts should set an example for others to follow. Smooth, literate translations give a feeling for the style of diplomatic correspondence without sacrificing clarity. The documents seem well-selected, although students of Texas history may occasionally wish that some sections for which only brief summaries are provided had been printed in full. Elaborate notes point out errors in Dubois de Saligny's correspondence. They are sufficiently numerous that historians would be well advised to use the documents with extreme care. An index would also have made it easier to locate materials before the publication of the second volume.

Such minor limitations should not, however, detract from the overall value of a well-edited and handsomely produced book. Perhaps it will induce other frontier historians to search European archives for material on the West.

**Lawrence R. Murphy,** *an associate professor of history at Western Illinois University, is now on leave teaching at the American University, Cairo, Egypt.*

**Brulé: The Sioux People of the Rosebud** by Paul Dyck, photographs by John Anderson *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1971; 365 pp., illus., $20.00).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN

IT WAS COMMON for the Brulé to begin their speech with the request, "Hear me!" Paul Dyck, in his eloquent preface to this heartbreaking book, reviews his own book tragically well and says to us in the same spirit, "Hear me!"

Hear him then: "This book is a record of the Brulé People during their transition from free men of the Plains to ragged prisoners of the reservation system, and is possibly the most complete record of photographs of that period ever taken. It brings reality to events that took place over eighty years ago. From the Treaty of Laramie in 1868 up to the present time, the changes in the way of life which these Americans saw and lived through—still maintaining some degree of identity—have become one of the epics for survival of the human race."

Our not quite three-hundred-year-old country has developed few national epics as yet. Few as they are, none concern themselves with the lives and deaths of American Indians. It is startling and just that Mr. Dyck draws our attention to the survival of the Brulé Sioux, the People, as fitting material for an American epic.

It is a tragedy of time that photography was unavailable on the western frontier to record the halcyon days of American Indian life. The romantic work of generations of artists has only suggested the vivid richness and color of such visual images. With the exception of the earliest few daguerreotypes of the Sac and Fox Indians by Thomas Easterly and a scant few additional Indian daguerreotypes, inadequately identified, little remains of the 1840 and 1850 period.

The earliest work of Jackson, Hillers, O'Sullivan, Soule, and certain other photographers suggests the defiant pride of the still unconquered Indians of the 1860s. The tragic toll of the Indian Wars in the 1870s and on into the 1880s produced a flood of then "salable" photographic images of the Indian. Almost all of them portrayed one or another variation of the "carnival" Indian, the Indian conquered, the "good" Indian, the Indian one might ignore, betray, and allow to die in poverty and ignominy—the "friendly" Indian.

By the late 1880s when young, Swedish-born John Anderson began making these four hundred glass plate photographs of Brulé life at the Rosebud Agency, reservation life was a long-established fact for these Sioux.

Mr. Anderson seems to have been an Indian trader first and an amateur photographer as his time allowed. The crisp authority of professional skill is lacking here as well as the presence of a finely developed aesthetic sense. One sees, rather, naïvete, an absorbed wonder in the visual power of the real-life image.

It is here that Mr. Anderson's documentary power is most clearly revealed. The roar of propaganda is not present nor is the soft sound of a wounded heart crying alone and pitifully. Mr. Anderson's vision endures. His photographs of "the way it was" can stand by themselves. They speak loudly and clearly. If there is any responsibility here, it is ours, as viewers of these photographs, to respond to them as their subjects, the Brulé Sioux would have responded when spoken to—"I hear you!"

Listen once more to the sensitive Paul Dyck on Indian reservation life: "To the Indian people the reservation system was a tragedy and a prison. To live by a system which forced them to stay in one locality was unthinkable. Their way of life had disappeared, and the new way of the white man was a sad replacement and one that could not be understood."

It is precisely that bitter life, that tragedy of a prison, that is here recorded in many sobering images, organized by Mr. Dyck from John Anderson photographs. Exquisitely designed and produced by the distinguished Northland Press, this book is what is commonly referred to as a "beautiful" book, but the somber tone of misery and indifference on which it rests suggests a different description.

Coming at a time when the nation is inexorably turning, under pressure, to a long-delayed reexamination of the fate of its Indian citizens, this book is more properly valued as a timely book of worth and significance, brilliantly presented and executed by its author and his publisher.

A book of such tragic eloquence should be seen by a large audience. It is hoped that ultimately it will be made available for a wider audience, bound in paper covers and priced moderately.

**Robert A. Weinstein,** *on the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is a graphics designer whose illustrations have appeared in a two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana's* Two Years Before the Mast *(1964).*

## A MATTER OF OPINION

*(Continued from page 48)*

other words, lands in excess of 160 acres, or 320 acres in states with community-property laws—the bill would guarantee the enforcement of Reclamation Law, and for the first time in our history would implement the intelligent management of our western agricultural lands, much as we long ago began to manage our forest and grazing lands.

The essential provisions of the bill have been neatly outlined by Professor Taylor, its chief architect: "Present law requires sale of excess lands at the pre-water, pre-project price. Government authorization to purchase will provide a ready market, and in turn allow the government to sell or lease with appropriate land-use regulations that will preserve agricultural greenbelts and open spaces, and check urban sprawl and slurb. Revenues for sale or lease can be assigned to public purposes including education, the land and water conservation fund, or used simply to replenish the hard-pressed National Treasury."

The open space and greenbelt provisions of the bill have inspired the vigorous support of many conservation organizations, chief among them the Sierra Club, and this factor may well prove to be the one that will engender enough public support for passage.

At any rate, it serves the eminently useful purpose of finally forcing the issue of Reclamation Law. The question is simple enough: the law is there to be used or not used. And if we choose not to use it, then we had better resign ourselves to the fact that western reclamation projects costing billions of dollars—and paid for by all the people—will continue to subsidize the agricultural enterprises of a few.

T. H. Watkins
*Associate Editor*
THE AMERICAN WEST



XUM

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jane M. Offers

**Steinbeck: The Man and His Work** edited by Richard Astro and Tetsumaro Hayashi *(Oregon State University Press, Corvallis, 1971; 183 pp., intro., index, $5.00).*

Steinbeck critics arise. Here is a collection of ten new essays, originally presented at a 1970 conference sponsored by Oregon State and Ball State universities. They aim to provide a well-rounded picture of the novelist in a way that no other volume of criticism has attempted.

**The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox** with an introduction by Cash Asher *(McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1971; 208 pp., intro., illus., appen., $6.95).*

From hunting food with a bow and arrow to traveling around the world with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, the Sioux chief Red Fox did a heap of living. Now, at the age of 101, he has managed to record his memories of a life during which "all Indian things passed away." His tale is haunting and instructive.

**Money of the American Indians** by Don Taxay *(Nummus Press, New York, 1970; 158 pp., foreword, intro., illus., index, $5.95).*

This unique study demonstrates that there is more to Indian money than wampum. A blend of ethnology and numismatics, it provides a detailed theory of the origin of money based on the ancient desirability of magico-religious objects.

**Horses in America** by Francis Haines *(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1971; 213 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

The author tells the story of the horse in the New World and its important role in the exploration of a continent and the building of a nation. He describes the implications of his thesis that "a cowboy . . . could be a cowboy without a cow, but not without a horse." So be it.

**The Indispensable Enemy: Labor and the Anti-Chinese Movement in California** by Alexander Saxton *(University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1971; 293 pp., intro., biblio., index, $8.50).*

Historically, California's "indispensable enemy" was the Oriental, necessary because of his willingness to do manual labor for nominal wages. The topic of this book is how hostility toward the Oriental flourished, how it served to unify the heterogeneous white community politically and socially, and how it affected the nation at large.

**Roaming the American West** by Donald E. Bower *(Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, Pa., 1971; 256 pp., intro., illus., maps, index, $9.95).*

In the West, "land of superlatives," the most spectacular, unusual, and enjoyable places to visit are suggested in this guide for families, historians, and sportsmen. The discriminating choice of 110 scenic, historic, and natural wonders is useful as a blueprint for experiencing the mystique of the West. Mr. Bower completed this book immediately before becoming editor of The American West.

**The Snake Country Expedition of 1830–1831: John Work's Field Journal** edited by Francis D. Haines, Jr. *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971; 172 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., appen., index, $7.95).*

The competition between British and American fur trappers of the Snake River area in the early 1800s is dramatized in this daily journal by the leader of a Hudson's Bay Fur Company expedition. He describes the competition in terms of Britain's attempts to trap out the Snake country and prevent American settlement there.

**Disaster Log of Ships** by Jim Gibbs *(Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington, 1971; 176 pp., intro., illus., photo index, $12.95).*

Failure is rarely chosen as a reason to publish a book, but this work proves the exception. It concerns one hundred years of Pacific Coast shipwrecks from California to Alaska. Profusely illustrated with more than three hundred black-and-white photographs, it may safely be classified a pictorial.

**Boontling: An American Lingo** by Charles C. Adams *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1971; 272 pp., intro., illus., selected biblio., dictionary of boontling, $7.50).*

This study treats a colorful and imaginative aspect of folk history. Boontling was a local language spoken extensively between 1890 and 1920 in Boonville, California. A secret language, it enabled the speakers to converse among themselves without being understood by outsiders.

**The Other Californians** by Robert F. Heizer and Alan F. Almquist *(University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1971; 278 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

The subjects of this anthropological study are the non-Caucasians who lived in California from the Spanish days to 1920. The importance of the book lies in its abundant documentation of official and general public attitudes toward minority groups, including the Indians, the Mexicans, the Chinese, and the Japanese.

**California in Color** by T. H. Watkins *(Hastings House, New York, 1970; 94 pp., 33 color plates, $4.95).*

A spirited appraisal of the "big, wayward girl" is offered by a member of one of California's largest minorities—her Native Sons. Both past and present are discussed of a state described as still an island, "in spiritual remove from the continent." The book consists of an essay on "The Paradox of Plenty" and text accompanying the color photographs.

## THE AMERICAN RODEO

*(Continued from page 47)*

died, his owners buried him on their Johnstown, Colorado, rodeo stock ranch beneath a headstone bearing this epitaph:

> Under this sod lies a great
> Bucking Horse;
> There never lived a cowboy he
> Could not toss.
> His name was Midnight;
> His coat was black as coal.
> If there is a horse heaven,
> Please, God, rest his soul.

Today about a dozen firms in the United States and Canada furnish all the livestock—horses, bulls, calves, and steers—that are required by association-sanctioned rodeos. Some of the larger ones are Beutler Brothers, Vold & Cerci, Elk City, Oklahoma; Harry Knight Rodeo Company (no relation to the man who worked for Buffalo Bill), Fowler, Colorado; Christensen Brothers, Eugene, Oregon; Vold Rodeo Company, De Winton, Alberta; Rodeos Incorporated, Rochester, Minnesota; and Golden State Rodeo Company, Brawley, California.

Until 1912 there was no bull riding. Then cowboys started riding steers, thin gangly kin of the Texas Longhorns. The result was not very exciting until, at Fort Worth in 1922, cross-bred Brahma bulls from central Florida's ranching country were used experimentally for the first time. The big exotic cattle with the heavy horns and huge humps were an instant hit. But the stock was expensive for contractors to buy and feed, so bull riding didn't become a major event overnight. It was as late as 1937 that the Cowboys Turtle Association—oddly-named parent of the present association—gave its official blessing to the crowd-pleasing Brahmas.

To the casual observer safe in the grandstand, a bucking bull leaves the chute with a man on the puckering folds of hide on its back. It explodes in an assortment of gyrations designed to remove the man in less than eight seconds, the regulation time for the ride. While the fan evidences little concern over the intricacies of the bull's actions, the rider gives much thought to bulls that twist, leap, lunge, turn, spin, or fall down.

Although people may harangue about cruelty to animals in rodeo, it is difficult to conjure up some picture of a wounded bull from the past. What does come back is a long list of names—Buck, Smokey, Freckles, Jim, Casey, Buttons—whose owners were frequently patched up with an assortment of splints, casts, braces, and wires to hold body and soul together. "Why is it," some may ask, "that bull riders have nice unassuming names like these, while the Brahmas have such threatening monikers as Thunder, Red Devil, Undertow, Grave Digger, Big Bad John, Tornado, Cry Help, and White Lightning?"

Like bull riding, bulldogging or steer wrestling possesses no romantic aura of the cattle industry. In truth, the event has no sound reason for existence. It does have, however, according to rodeo historians, a single originator.

Back in 1903 near Rockdale, Texas, a stockman named Lee Moore and a Negro cowboy named Bill Pickett were rounding up Longhorns. A skittish steer, bounding away from the herd at every chance, so infuriated Pickett that he decided on a rash move to teach it some manners. The little man, as strong as a steel wedge, ran his horse alongside the steer, leaped on its back, seized the wide spread of horns and twisted its neck until the head was almost wrung from the shoulders. Then Pickett clamped his teeth into the brute's sensitive underlip and flung himself backwards, flattening the sassy bovine once and for all.

As Pickett held the steer down, and Moore trussed it up, the stockman's eyes bugged out. "Jesus, Bill," he said, "I never seen nothin' like that."

"I ain't neither," said Pickett, standing up and spitting.

But he was to see a lot more of it in the years that followed. Working for the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, he was the only man who dared to (or cared to) wrestle steers by jumping on them and jawing them down. He was devoted to all three of the Miller brothers—Joe, George, and Zack—who ran the 101 Ranch Show, and he worked for them all his adult life in exchange for the meager wages that meant security for his family. He was killed in 1932 when a horse owned by Colonel Zack Miller pawed him down in a corral at the 101 Ranch headquarters in Ponca City, Oklahoma. He was seventy-two years old.

Just preceding and on into the 1920s, other cowboys introduced their own innovations of what Pickett had started. One of them was Powder Face Tom Eckerd, a Texan whose features were badly pitted from a dynamite explosion. His specialty was diving onto a steer's back from his running horse, muscling its horns into the ground and turning it over in a full-speed somersault, while he still kept his handhold. Called "hoolihaning," this method of stopping a steer is now forbidden, as is lip biting.

The breed of man who takes to rodeo today is decidedly different from his counterpart of a half century ago or, for that matter, even twenty years ago. In the old days, rodeo hands were not so much interested in making money as they were in having a good time. Many of them "rodeoed" because they enjoyed having a love affair with the Old West. Ike Rude, veteran roper from Mangum, Oklahoma, put it succinctly several decades ago when, on being asked one summer if he was going to work Cheyenne, he grinned mightily and answered: "Cheyenne? Hell, yes! I'd go there just to hear the band play."

The band still plays each summer at Cheyenne—and at Deadwood, South Dakota; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Coffeyville, Kansas; Blackfoot, Idaho; Little Rock, Arkansas; Kissimmee, Florida; and at over five hundred other towns and cities—as the romance between the cowboys and their rough-and-tumble pastime continues into the second half of the twentieth century. But the sweetest music to the ears of the men in control of today's rich rodeo business is the scratch of a pen endorsing a check.

*Time* recently labeled Larry Mahan of Brooks, Oregon, "the cowboy in the gray flannel suit." Currently the association's all-around champion for the fifth consecutive time, and nicknamed "Super Saddle" by his friends and competitors, Mahan won over $41,000 last year, bringing his five-year rodeo earnings to a quarter of a million dollars. Junior Garrison, champion calf roper from Duncan, Oklahoma, won over $24,000 in 1970. John W. Jones, Morro Bay, California, won close to $26,000 to fasten onto the steer wrestling championship. And the

combined earnings in the riding events amounted to $75,611.

These men, who are in truth today more coordinated, all-around athletes than cowboys, are also far removed from the temperament and character of some of the hooligans that were responsible for the late Dorothy Kilgallen's 1950 syndicated indictment following a Madison Square Garden rodeo. Miss Kilgallen wrote: "Now that the rodeo cowboys have left town for Boston or the plains of Texas, or wherever they hang out when they are not lousing up New York, I would like to be the first to say good riddance. And I am being polite. . . . They were the terror of the saloons, the scourge of the poor barkeeps and hotel owners who couldn't keep them out of their places under the law, but had to hide the furniture and maintain a nervous vigilance until the inevitable fight started and then—at the risk of being massacred—try to toss them out, or try to get the cops to toss them out."

From the vast open spaces of the Texas cattle country, modern rodeo has come a long way. The half dozen top-purse rodeos last year—Houston, Denver, Cheyenne, Fort Worth, Calgary and San Antonio, in this order—offered a whopping $492,467 to lucky and expert contestants, a sum that must rankle those ancient cowpokes stirring restlessly in their graves. At $40 a month, their traditional wage of old, it would have taken a dozen of them eighty-five years to earn an amount equal to this offering.

A spectacle important enough to distribute sixty-two million dollars in prize money since 1953 must be pleasing to new cowboy 'rithmetic as well as to sophisticated computer people who follow and tabulate money circulated among the participants of top spectator sports.

**Willard H. Porter,** *former editor and publisher of* Hoofs and Horns *and former editor of* Quarter Horse Journal, *has written numerous ranch and rodeo articles for both national and trade publications.*

## THE BRIMHALL SAGA

*(Continued from page 9)*

than ever at his preoccupation and his passion. The handsome big-windowed house he built to replace the primitive cabin is decorated with Navaho rugs and drawings of African rock paintings, and his bookshelves house what is probably the finest library in southern Utah. From his comfortable living room, scores of friends have admired the cliffs in the setting sun and watched in astonishment as a summer storm on the upper mesa sends waterfalls brick red in color splashing down the vertical walls. Fifteen years ago, the National Park Service expropriated all the farms in the Capitol Reef National Monument but fortunately offered Dr. Brimhall life tenure if he wanted it. "I told the government official he was taking a risk doing that," he related recently, "but he replied, 'That's all right; we know your age and life expectancy.' I was a little shocked to be told that all I had left was about seven years. So I told my wife I'd fox them. That was fifteen years ago." Then he added with a grin, "Now he's dead, and I'm alive."

"The park people treat me wonderfully," he continued. And there is no doubt that they look upon him with admiration and affection, as well as gratitude for his expert lobbying on their behalf in Washington and in Congressional hearings in Salt Lake City. When cattlemen in the hearings opposed the Canyonlands National Park as "government land-grabbing," he pointed out mischievously that the Indians had made the same complaint about the Mormons years before. His testimony not only helped the park but also resulted in its extension to include some of the best pictographs.

Today, whenever weather permits, he loads his jeep with water, gasoline, canned beef stew, and a cantaloupe or two; telephones the Jeep Patrol to tell them the approximate area of his exploration; and jokingly suggests that if he's not back in two or three days to come out and have a look. Then, putting on a hat with a kind of curtain hanging from the rear to keep the biting desert flies away from his sensitive neck, he is off. He drives out of the Capitol Reef area, which he has long known intimately, and bounces off over the desert, dodging sagebrush and boulders, careening over the swirling, cinnamon-colored slickrock. He slithers down slopes a novice is certain no jeep can climb back up again, and finally parks on the rim of a chosen canyon, choosing a spot where the jeep can easily be seen from a distance. The words "Jeep Posse" are painted on his vehicle, and so respected is this search-and-rescue symbol that he has little fear anyone will rob or vandalize what he is leaving behind. Then, camera over his shoulder and canteen at his hip, with a wary eye for the kind of rock that is most likely to break under his lithe, sinewy body, he lowers himself over the ledges gracefully, with the precision of a dignified mountain goat who knows he no longer has to prove his leadership to the young.

Heavier and younger men who have accompanied him report that he starts out slowly, with a deliberate sparing of himself. He is taciturn, preoccupied, intent on pursuit rather than talk. Food means little to him. "I eat only when I am hungry," he says, and expects his assistants to follow the same stomach clock. A small cantaloupe lasts him through the heat and weariness from sunrise 'til after sunset. As the long twilight dies, he can be seen swinging along tirelessly at the rim of the canyon approaching his distant jeep, where he settles down to build a fire, heat his canned stew, and make some coffee. Though his exhausted younger companions are ready to sleep, he is now eager to talk of the day's exploration, of the canyons he has not yet seen, and, if pressed, of the experiences of his youth.

His grandson cannot now accompany him. Threatened by the draft, he carried out successfully a long fight to be declared a conscientious objector and is working out his two years of public service in a hospital.

Against the advice of his wife, his daughter Frances Osborne, and friends, he still persists now and then in exploring alone. Members of the Jeep Patrol worry about him. Bates Wilson, head of the Canyonlands Park Service, once tried to make him swear that he would never again go alone into the unexplored areas of the Maze. "Hell," he replied, "I'm as safe there as anywhere else."

**Fawn M. Brodie,** *senior lecturer of history at UCLA, is author of* No Man Knows My History, the Life of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet; Thaddeus Stevens, Scourge of the South; *and* The Devil Drives, a Life of Sir Richard F. Burton.

## DARING YOUNG MEN

*(Continued from page 15)*

biplane and fluttered away. The wing tips curled uncertainly, and the plane faltered as Johnstone lost all control.

With agonizing slowness, the crippled aircraft settled, wallowing helplessly. The spellbound crowd watched the pilot struggle for some control, reaching, grasping, pulling at suddenly slack wires. He wore no parachute. At three hundred feet, the battle lost, Johnstone simply hung on as his machine rolled over and plunged straight into the ground.

Up to then, flying accidents had been swift and abrupt, all quite impersonal. Now the public had witnessed, for long terrible seconds, an airman literally fighting for his life—and losing. But there was no outcry against what most regarded as merely a dangerous sport.

Publisher William Randolph Hearst was convinced that the airplane had a legitimate future in transportation, and offered a reward of $50,000 to the first flier to complete a flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Airmen who took up the challenge would naturally provide plenty of copy for the Hearst newspaper chain, but at least the prize would lure pilots toward a worthwhile goal—something more constructive than mere shenanigans for the excitement of a crowd.

Plenty of fliers were interested, and none expected the venture to be totally accident-free. That meant plenty of money for repairs, and backers were scarce—especially since Hearst stipulated that the winning flight had to be completed within thirty days. It seemed rather a long chance.

Tall, cigar-chomping Calbraith Perry Rodgers was an accomplished pilot and a man of considerable determination. He persuaded J. Ogden Armour, head of the well-known meat-packing firm, to lend financial support for a try at the Hearst prize.

Armour's firm was about to introduce a new soft drink gaily titled Vin-Fiz. Not unmindful of publicity, the meat-packer provided a special train to tag along with Rodgers and render mechanical assistance, food, first aid, and whatever became necessary for comfort—including, presumably, a supply of soft drinks. Actually, the train carried enough spare parts for Rodgers's Wright biplane to completely rebuild it, if required. That proved to be not altogether a bad idea.

On September 17, 1911, Rodgers departed Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, in his newly christened *Vin-Fiz Flyer,* cigar jutting defiantly into the breeze. The first leg of his planned flight—to Middletown, New York—was completed without mishap. After that, things began to go wrong—so wrong that when Rodgers reached Chicago on October 8, he had left behind a trail of clipped tree tops, flattened fences, and demolished chicken coops.

He was so far behind schedule that there seemed no hope of making California under the thirty-day deadline. But Rodgers proclaimed his determination to keep on anyway, and Armour agreed to continue partial sponsorship at the rate of three dollars per mile. Relieved of the pressure of time, Rodgers took off to tackle the great plains and mountains of the West.

The forced landings continued, as virtually every imaginable kind of mechanical problem cropped up. But Rodgers was enjoying himself now, and he went out of his way to fly demonstrations for town folk who had never seen a plane before. At some of these impromptu exhibitions he seemed almost to be asking for trouble—as at Fort Worth, Texas, where he drew astonished cheers by flying a series of eights around a couple of water towers set so close together they left barely enough room for the biplane's wings to slip through.

Later, in turbulent air near Waco, Rodgers engaged in some stunting he hadn't planned on at all. A curious eagle, irked by this invasion of his domain, approached the *Vin-Fiz Flyer* so closely that Rodgers feared the great bird might attack. Such an encounter could only result in a mutually fatal draw, and the human flier took evasive action for some minutes until the symbol of America decided to permit his passage.

Cal Rodgers landed at Pasadena, California, on November 5, before a grandstand full of yelling onlookers. He hadn't won the Hearst prize, but he proved that it was possible to fly the same airplane all the way across the continent. Well, almost the same airplane. There were only two original parts left in the *Vin-Fiz Flyer*—the engine oil pan and part of the rudder.

It was a fitting climax to the year 1911, a year that had seen Eugene Ely make history's first airplane landing on a ship (the battleship *Pennsylvania,* anchored in San Francisco Bay), watched Glenn Curtiss demonstrate the first successful seaplane at San Diego, and observed former dirigible man Lincoln Beachey make his debut as an airplane stunt pilot.

Beachey had opened this new phase of his career at an air show near San Diego, and Californians thought he was the greatest thing since Dan Maloney. Unlike Maloney, Beachey had no use for gaudy costumes. He didn't need such trappings, for his spectacular flying spoke for itself. He looped and dived, twisted through hair-raising wingovers, and even demonstrated his ability to recover from the dread tailspin.

Linc traveled east and startled thousands by diving his Curtiss biplane into the cold, thick spray at Niagara Falls, only to zoom up seconds later trailing vapor from his wings. By 1913 his reputation spanned the nation. Then, abruptly, Beachey announced his retirement from stunt flying in an angry tirade directed at air show customers who bought tickets secretly hoping to see someone killed. This was biting the hand that fed him, even though the charge was to some extent true. Still, without air shows there would have been no civilian aviation in those years.

But stunting was in Linc's blood. Later in the year he was back in California skies, this time racing auto speedster Barney Oldfield around the oval track. The act proved nothing, but it was a great crowd-pleaser, and the public happily welcomed Lincoln Beachey back.

In the fall of 1914, he went east again and, without prior announcement, staged a furious ten-minute "dive bombing attack" on the White House, sending President Wilson and all of official Washington under the furniture. Actually, the simulated attack was made with the connivance of Secretary of War Lindley Garrison to dramatize the growing effectiveness of the airplane as an instrument of combat. Linc's action drew a lot of fire, but he made his point.

On New Year's Eve, 1914, Beachey was at the great Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, which was already in full swing before its official opening. He had announced his intention to fly right through Machinery Hall, a big



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hangar-like building with huge doors at either end.

The crowd gathered on schedule and waited. Overhead, Beachey circled lazily in his Curtiss, then suddenly dived for the hall. Thousands watched him vanish through one door—then there came a muffled *krrump* followed by silence. Attendants sprinted for the vast building as the stunned throng waited fearfully. Then Linc strolled from the other end, his clothes in rags.

"Misgauged it," he grinned.

After getting patched up, Beachey climbed into another plane and returned to the air above the fair grounds, putting on his usual act to the usual ovation—at $5,000 per flight. On March 14, he unveiled his new machine, the *Beachey Special*, built for him by San Franciscan W. S. Eaton. No box-kite biplane, this. The *Beachey Special* was a slim, racy monoplane with the engine out in front and a proper cockpit. It promised spectacular performance and soon delivered.

Linc gave the crowd the most dazzling display of aerial acrobatics any air show gathering had ever seen. When he ran out of gas, he landed for more and excitedly roared aloft again, climbing high over San Francisco Bay. At six thousand feet, as thousands of squinting eyes watched, he rolled over into a vertical dive—his specialty.

But the *Beachey Special* was unusually clean and fast, and built up speed more rapidly than even Linc could have expected. He waited too long to pull out and when he tried, the left wing tore away under the strain. In full view of thousands, he plummeted into the bay.

In a way, it was the end of an era. A great war had begun in Europe, a war which America would shortly enter, a war destined to establish forever that the airplane was no longer a toy, useful only for thrills and air shows. The innocent years of aviation were over.

Maloney, Johnstone, Rodgers, Beachey—these men and dozens like them were pioneers just as plainly as the forty-niners. Like them, they sought gold and, in their own way, found it. In the process, they blazed a trail across the sky and laid the foundation for an industry that would narrow the vast distances of the West and weld it more firmly to the rest of the nation.

**Joseph F. Hood,** *a retired airline pilot, is a freelance writer whose works include* When Monsters Roamed the Skies; Skyway Round the World; *and* The Skyracers.

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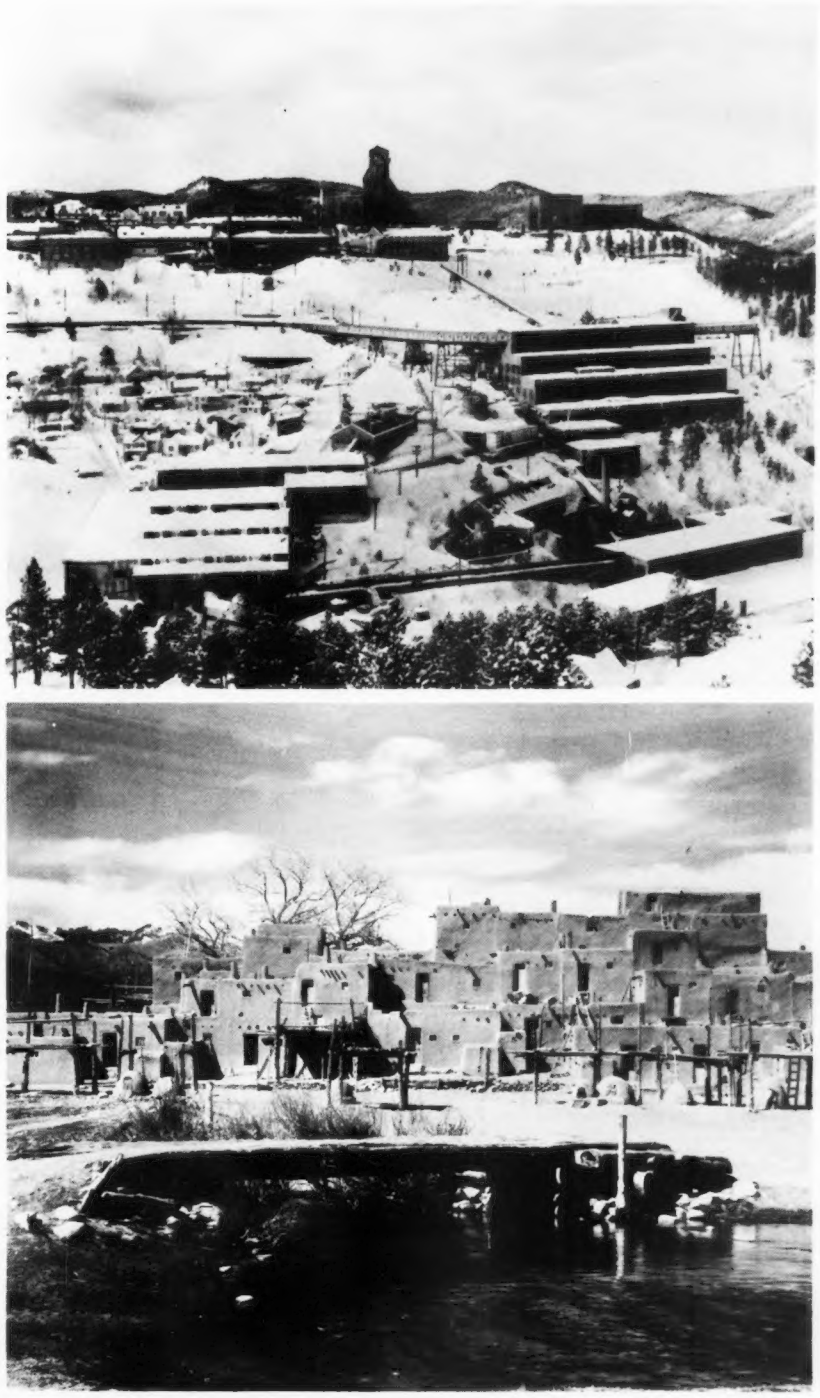

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